

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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TAYLOR OF BARONSGATE.

THE Squire was one of an old Catholic family ; no bigot, or no such bigot but that his best-loved neighbour, in a county studded with Catholic families, was the Vicar of the parish where his house and land lay ; and yet he sturdily maintained, in the little company of three who sat and talked together one evening by his ample fireside, that there is no such thing as spiritual exaltation and the saintly spirit out of his own Church. He admitted that Methodism and the like had bred examples of a useful religious enthusiasm, that detraction itself would be ashamed of doubting that in the Anglican Communion there were many men possessed with a divinely humble, inextinguishably fervent piety ; but that was not, as Thomas à Kempis said, "to enter far into inward things." There *is* a spiritual border-land, said the Squire, a merging frontier-line between earth and heaven, to which a divinely calm effulgence descends, embracing, and as it were adopting, the few who rise far enough beyond the world to walk in those bright marches. The witness of it is even visible. It is to be seen in the very faces of the men and women who habitually attain to life and conversation in some celestial interspace above the world, the reflection of which they bear as clearly as mountain-tops the last rays of day. And where was this life ever known, or the witness of it ever seen, except amongst those who dwell in the "fold of the Church?"

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Not that it is seen much now anywhere, and least of all, where there was never very much of it perhaps, in England. The fatal invasions of an accursed Spirit of the Age, creeping into every heart——

So the Squire ran on, in language rather more familiar than this, but with the meanings plain enough, and swelling with a fulness of conviction that answered all the purposes of eloquence ; while on the other side of the hearth, which shed an equal radiance upon each, the Parson listened forbearingly, shaking his head now and then on behalf of Protestantism and mankind at large, or murmuring a gentle "No, no, no !" Not that this was all his share in the conversation. He had many apt things to say interjectionally, besides "No, no, no !" but there would have been more of them, and perhaps better things, had he been less preoccupied. Yet what his mind wandered to while the Squire talked on was all to the purpose ; as presently appeared when, rising from his chair with an indescribable air of embarrassed solemnity, he took out his pocket-book and drew from it a cutting from some newspaper.

"Wharton," said he, "I have been thinking of this bit of paper from the moment you began upon your theme. It came from a Yorkshire journal which was sent to me by a clerical friend up there only a fortnight ago ; and this is what it says : 'We regret to hear that Mr. Clement Taylor, the eccentric

and philanthropic bookseller of Market Street, Baronsgate, died there on the night of Wednesday or the morning of Thursday last. He was found at 6 a.m. on Thursday seated in his old high chair, his arms extended over the desk he had been reading at, and his face resting on the pages of his open book. Many of our readers in Baronsgate and its neighbourhood will be surprised to learn that the deceased was only in his forty-third year.' He looked ten years older," said the Parson, as he tenderly restored the slip of paper to his letter-case. "The book he was reading when he died (I have it) was a yellow, thin old quarto edition of the very thing you named but now: the *Imitation of a Kempis*. It was as likely as not to have been Bunyan's *Holy War*. He was not of your faith, for one; he was modern enough to be younger than either of us, Wharton; he was a layman living a common life in the shop and the street; but yet if ever human creature entered far into inward things, or bore about him the witness of descending every day from a country and a companionship above any of this world, it was Clement Taylor, the obscure watchmender and dealer in old books, who died last month in a little decayed Yorkshire town."

"When, after promising to dine with me to celebrate Mary's birthday, you were called away by a distressing duty and couldn't come——"

"I went to see Taylor put into the ground, and hear a sermon preached about him to half a congregation of poor people."

"Two hundred and twenty miles, I suppose."

"More or less," said the Parson, resuming his chair and moodily drawing it nearer to the firelight. And there we sat, without exchanging a word for full five minutes; silent under a much stronger impression than anything in the Parson's language seemed capable of conveying, though what he had told was impressive enough.

"Now tell us something more about this Taylor," said the Squire at last.

"You knew him well evidently, and such a man as you have been hinting at should be known to all the world, however much he might wish to conceal himself."

"I did not know him well; intimately, I mean. I met him only three or four times when I was on a visit to St. Michael's Vicarage last year, and yet by accident I heard from him one night—not that he ever knew that I heard—but I will tell you the story all through."

"It was in the summer time, you know, that I went down to Baronsgate to spend a week with Jeffrey. The hour of my appearance there had not been fixed, and when I arrived at the parsonage some time in the afternoon, Jeffrey (a bachelor, you know) was gadding about among his parishioners. So I took to sauntering in the grey old town, which was a busier place in the sixteenth century than it is now, and has a market-square large enough to drill a battalion of soldiery. You ought to know the castle ruins, Wharton; you are connected with them on the spindle side."

"I do. Splendid pile on a sheer upstanding cliff close above the town; its shadow throwing half across the streets at sunset; very precipitous streets on that side."

"And you remember the jostling old houses of the market-place, the tall and the low, the great and the humble, ranging together in amiable equality? And the beautiful old inn that runs down from the square into Market Street? Well, then, Taylor's shop,—a little wooden, low-fronted place with a ceiling you could touch with your hands,—stood two or three doors down the street from the inn. In my loungings here and there I had come to this shop, and, first attracted by a few morsels of old china in the window, began to read along the backs of the books. There were not many of them,—old things of no account—but there were enough to obstruct the view to the interior; so that my first intimation of Jeffrey's presence in the shop was

his coming out of it, to the sound of a bell that might have been taken from a bell-wether's neck.

"I noticed that a rather wandering, speculative look came into Jeffrey's face while we exchanged greetings, the look of a man who is working out a sudden thought; and no sooner were they over than he said, (you must know that we had not moved from before the shop window, and were both staring vaguely into it), 'Wouldn't you like to buy one of those old bits of china? They are not bad.' I had begun to answer that they were not quite good enough to be worth carrying home, when he interrupted me with, 'Look here! I know what you would like, that blue-grey crackle bottle. Quite genuine, though not first-rate, you will say. A couple of dark red roses in a bottle like that, and you have a picture! Come on! I know the price,—nine shillings!' And taking me by the arm, he walked me into Taylor's shop.

"It was a dusty little place, with a half-glass door leading into the living-room. At the tinkling of the sheep-bell announcing customers, or visitors, Taylor came though this door; and then I saw for the first time, in the figure of an intelligent-artisan sort of person, one of those men who are the very salt of the earth, and sometimes its inspirers and saviours. Their sweetest grace their greatest fault; I am persuaded that most of them hide away in some obscure little round of goodness, lost in their own humility and saintliness. Taylor was one of those meagre men, with the bones of an athlete and no vitality to correspond, who are more often seen among the artisan classes than among ourselves; shells in which interior strength has been worn out, perhaps, by two or three generations of sensitiveness under privation. Don't you think it might be so?"

"Nothing more likely," said the Squire.

"He was of a rugged countenance, too, as if meant for a fighting-man

originally, one of your honest pushers and strivers; though you did not see this at first under the beautiful, far-brought placidity that seemed to have him in guardianship. Forty-three? He looked fifty, all but his eyes; which were not brilliant either, but like agates with a bit of this glowing wood-ember at the bottom of them. Well, we went into the shop, and Taylor came out to us rather timidly, and, 'Look here! Mr. Taylor,' says Jeffrey. 'As it happens, I plumped upon an old friend of mine just as I crossed your threshold, staring at those china pieces in the window. He is a famous judge of old china, you must know, and he would like to have that grey long-necked bottle with the cracks on its surface. Nine shillings?'

" 'She told me to ask ten,' says Taylor in an absent way. 'But that is half a sovereign; and I thought nine shillings would be more attractive.' And then, instead of going to get the bottle for me, as I expected, he turned the other way, went into his little parlour, and closed the door behind him. That seemed odd, even to Jeffrey, who first looked surprised, then winked, and began to search along the bookshelves as a hint to me to stay. A moment afterwards the rattle of cups and saucers was heard, which made me think that we were to be invited to discuss this momentous bargain over the tea-table. Jeffrey cocked an ear too; and, shuffling toward me, whispered, 'Don't say *no* if you are asked. It will be worth your while.' In another minute, during which there was more rattling of crockery, Taylor reappeared in the doorway, saying in his gentle voice, 'May I ask you to come in?' And in we went; not, however, to find the usual preparations for tea, but fifteen or twenty bits of Oriental ware, Wedgewood ware, and a particularly good piece of Spode, set out in captivating order on an old Dutch tray.

"We spent some little time looking at these before Taylor said: 'I have

taken a liberty, I'm afraid, but you'll pardon that for the sake of doing a kindness. Mr. Jeffrey said, sir' (this of course was to me), 'that you are a famous judge of old china. Tell me what these things are really worth; I mean to a buyer who wants a bargain, but who should not have too much of a bargain.'

"Considering that I was supposed to be negotiating for the specimen in the window (which however, I must tell you, was worth more than nine shillings, poor as it was), this address took me aback. For a moment I saw in Taylor a probable impostor, and one of a rather common sort. But glancing at Jeffrey, I discovered nothing but satisfaction about him; another glance at Taylor shook my suspicion to the knees; but what finished it was the appearance at that moment of one of the loveliest and neatest—the—the—the sweetest, and silveriest, and lavenderest old woman that ever mortal eyes rested on; seventy and deaf, though, deaf as a stone; you could see it at once. She came in in her beautiful print gown (sprigged, you know), and with a high-backed Quaker sort of cap, the fore part close drawn all round her face in pretty soft frills,—lovely! She came in, and, placing near me a neat little parcel, went out again. I could see at a glance that this was my nine-shilling purchase, which there was to be no haggling about.

"Whether Taylor had caught sight of my suspiciousness or not, and was hurt enough to wish to dispel it, of course I don't know; but it was with evident pain and reluctance that he explained why he wanted the use of my judgment. There was a poor old lady in a neighbouring town, six miles off. For years she had lived in comfort and in much respect on an annuity; nice little house, with plenty of pretty old garniture and so forth. All this came to ruin through the wicked selfishness of an only son. Half the annuity had to be made over to save him from disgrace long ago,

since when there had been a slow sinking from one stage of poverty to another till there was nothing for it but to sell any portable thing that was least likely to be missed. For this was a proud old lady; one of the tender, sensitively proud ones, who could not bear that her friends and neighbours should know of her fall, and whose poor old heart was in danger of breaking every time she looked among her smaller treasures for something that could be sold away out of the town she had lived in so long. Her trinkets gone and her bits of lace, she had to come to bulkier articles: 'And it was not many days ago,' said Taylor, 'that she crept to my door at nightfall, trembling as a thief might, with a basket in her hand and some of these things in it. So thankful I was that the shutters were closed just as she slipped in! For this kind of visitor is not new to me, or their terrible, terrible, foolish, foolish miseries! But china! What could I do with it, being more ignorant of its value than she herself, and so likely to wrong her in dealing with it. For her bright hope was [this was Taylor's way of talking, I am not putting words into his mouth] that I might sell these things for her quietly by just putting a sample or two among the books in my shop window. Poor woman! I told her——' 'And,' says Jeffrey, interrupting him, 'she told you that you were a kind man, whose goodness, whatever you might think, had been heard of beyond Baronsgate; and that you wouldn't send her home again with her crockery unloaded, but would do your best with it, and here it is.' 'All but the piece you kindly took,' said Taylor, and there the story ended."

"Except that——"

"Yes, of course," the Parson went on to say. "Taylor having explained his difficulty, I examined the little collection to price it; Taylor dashing into the shop for pen and ink at the first motion, much as if a reprieve were to be signed. It was not par-



ticularly convenient to me that he should hold the ink-bottle, but there the child in him came out so obviously that I wasn't going to offend it; and you should have seen how he watched every item of price as it went down, and have heard the crowing 'Aha!' that followed the entry, 'Small mandarin jar with cover, six guineas;'—the one really fine and well-conditioned piece. Yes, not a bad total, large beyond Taylor's imaginings, at any rate. It was after crying it out that this strange, good creature made me *feel* what I thought of him by means of a most unexpected sensation. 'Was I not justified in troubling you?' he said, facing round with a wonderfully grateful smile. Now, like many other male persons, I suppose, I feel murderous whenever I am touched familiarly by another man. I want a *kris* immediately—no less a weapon. But as Taylor said this, he,—stranger, artisan, and shopkeeper, you know—placed both hands on my shoulders; and what I felt was just as if they had been the hands of his beautiful old mother."

Upon this the third person in the conversation asked of the Squire, "What do you think of that for a sign of saintliness?"

The Squire opened his lips to make answer, with a billowy motion of his whole body which seemed to portend a sailing into the subject at large; but the Parson stopped him.

"Wait a bit," said he. "I must just tell you something more. A second half-glass door in Taylor's rather bleak sitting-room led into a long, narrow workshop, whence the clicking sound of light tools nimbly used could be heard, and from time to time a word or a laugh. Now while I was pricing the goods I noticed that Jeffrey strolled to this door and nodded and smiled through the panes of it in his affablest way. And 'Come here,' he presently called to me, when my business was done. I went and peeped, and what should I see but three jolly cripple-boys hard at work,

and yet as it might be at play; two of them busy with bookbinder's tools, and the other, a paler-looking lad, perched at a watchmaker's bench with the appropriate glass at his eye. No explanation was needed. Taylor had picked up these boys in one place or another, and was housing them and teaching them a trade. Yes, and just as we came away, another swung cheerily in from the street; a one-crutched hunchback this, whom Taylor had put out to some business in the town. So Jeffrey told me; and that he was afraid the whole six of them in the blessed little wooden tumble-down house often sat down to a supper for four."

Here the Parson paused in meditation, which was not interrupted, and then said, "This is to give you some idea of the sort of man Taylor of Baronsgate was"; and so resumed his cogitations.

"I know the kind of man," said the Squire. "But, thank Heaven! he is not a monster of rarity, and I must say, Walcot, that goodness such as his may exist at a very high pitch without the spiritual exaltation and apartness, so to speak, of which we were talking. To be sure, what you said of your feeling when he placed his hands on your shoulders has a special significance. If it is a question of saintliness of character, there is more in that than in all your good Taylor's kindness to unfortunate old ladies and crippled boys."

"I don't deny it," said the Parson. "On the contrary, I see that your meaning is right; though I confess I do not care much for the *very* saintly character (and I believe it does run as high as that sometimes) which is indifferent to crippled boys and unfortunate old ladies—sordid sorrows, mundane ills. I prefer Taylor's mixture, if it is allowable to joke on such a subject. Well, but this is only preliminary. Before I went to bed that evening I heard many stories about him that were some of them odd, and all of the sort that you cannot listen

to without feeling smaller ; and as I busied myself in getting Hanway of Oxford Street to buy that little parcel of china in a lot, I contrived occasion for several long talks with Taylor before I came away. One evening we prowled about among the ups and downs of the country round Baronsgate till near midnight, talking all manner of high things. Or rather he did ; and that in such a way and with such looks and tones that now I thought of Coleridge, and now of the coteries of Oxford lads who take fire at each other, their heads spinning and sputtering like Catherine wheels with a whirligig of glorious ideas——"

"And coming to a stop with all the powder out, a charred little knob of wood !"

"—and sometimes of the fishermen and other ignoramuses who made the first apostles and martyrs. It may seem exaggerated, but that is how he impressed me and more ; and I suppose there is no reason to believe that the George Foxes and John Bunyans are absolutely extinct ?"

"A bit of a Christian Socialist, probably."

"Yes, if you can find any sort of Socialist without rancour, or any Christian incompetent to hate. Where he got his reading from I don't know, but he seemed to have run alongside of the Socialist movement closely, and to be watching with restless pain the draining away of all superstitious belief. That is just what I am coming to.

"At starting on the ramble I told you of we came, not far out of the town, to a gently-ascending bluff which breaks off in sheer declivity on the further side ; I mean the further side from Baronsgate. 'Hoodycliff' it is called, I think. It is a romantic place, with that primeval look about it which is not always seen even in the wildest spots. You go up on a broken irregular path through patches of gorse and ling for half a mile, and then suddenly find yourself at the abrupt edge of the cliff, with a view over miles of moorland country, and the

farms and hamlets which here and there huddle in the hollows. Step back a dozen paces from the verge of the cliff, and not an acre of the scene below is visible ; advance again, and the whole sweep of it is revealed. Most impressive ! Taylor was monologuing away in his gentle yet animated manner when we turned to walk along the cliff edge ; but he became instantly silent then, and presently I overheard him murmuring what happened to be the very thought in my own mind at the moment : 'Take him up into an exceedingly high mountain and showed him all the kingdoms of the world.' In a moment of time, I added, quoting from St. Luke's account. This turned Taylor into a beautiful rambling discourse about the forty days and its temptations ; how that here was far more proof of the mortal manhood in Jesus Christ than if His bones had been found in the sepulchre, 'And could now be touched by even such a hand as mine. So much had Jesus of His father Adam, and that long line of mortal generation, that it was strong enough to rise up and question the Godhead in Him, to ridicule it as a fantasy of enthusiasm, and to ask whether a wise son of man would not turn his vast powers of ascendancy to a different account. This in the breast of Christ Himself. Satan nothing but one of our two voices, unquenched in Him till then ; the voice of our fathers in the mould against that of our Father in Heaven. But,'—and then on came the 'buts' in a clearing, consoling, triumphing stream for the next mile of our ramble ; Taylor talking the whole time to himself quite as much as to me.

"Well, the last day of my visit was running out, and my last dinner with Jeffrey was in course of consumption, when that good fellow had a sick-call to the farthest end of his parish. It was nearly eight o'clock when he started : the day had been brazen hot, even then there was not a cloud in the heavens ; and it seemed to me that I

could not spend the evening better than in strolling off to Hoodycliff to see the night creep over the moor and the stars come out in the sky. Accordingly I went.

"The face of Hoodycliff is not quite so precipitous as a cut cheese, and its sudden slope is broken by gorse-grown heathery hummocks from top to bottom. Arrived at the edge of it, I slid down into an inviting nest between two of these hummocks a few feet below, and was no sooner couched there than the first star came out above and a spark of lamplight shone from a window in the darker moorland-world beneath. This was just what I had come forth for to see; and there I lay on back and elbow in a good wide frame of mind till the nearest farmhouse was covered with darkness, and the sky (midsummer sky, you know) was all ablaze.

"Now I began to think of returning; and the consequence of lingering yet awhile longer was, that just as I was roused to action by the thought of Jeffrey ordering the spirit-kettle to be brought into his study, just as I was on the very point of rising from my nook, a voice that I well knew sounded above my head. It was Taylor's, as you guess. He was marching on towards the peak of the cliff, a few yards distant above me; and as I felt on glancing up, he was so intent on some business of his own, or some thoughts of his own, that I remained quiet, looking down again into the thick of the dark and expecting him to pass on. I knew this ridge to be the terminus of a favourite evening walk of his, but I was mistaken as to his standing about a bit and then going on. There was time enough for him to have done so, when I declare to you I was shaken from within like an organ-pipe by the murmuring of a voice that seemed all reverberation. It came from the peak of the crag not six yards off. Taylor, of course; and Taylor on his knees, fronting the whole sweep of starry heaven and night-shrouded moor.

"It was an awkward situation, but I don't know what escape there was from it. For before I had time to think, the murmuring swelled into a flood of passionate words impossible to interrupt; for though they fell into my ears by the way, as they might into the ears of any bird or beast in the bushes round about, they were poured out before the Creator. Such words——"

The Parson's speech tailed off into hesitation and was extinguished there. It had been observed with sympathetic curiosity that during the whole of the later part of it, that is to say, from the time the good Anglican started out to spend his evening on Hoodycliff his face had been steadily turned toward the hearth in a half shy way; and it was still in the full glow of the logs when he began again by supposing that it was getting rather late. Looking at his watch, however, he found that it was little past nine o'clock (the Squire's unvarying dinner-hour was seven), and so, after a minute's reflection amid the carefully-unobserving though expectant silence of his companions, he said, "If you would really care—pardon me if I run over to the parsonage."

The Squire's demesne was but a small one. The house stood within three hundred yards of the highway, and the Parson's house was hid in a garden nearly opposite the gates of the trim little park. Therefore we had not to wait long for his return. It was an absence of little more than ten minutes, and the interval was broken by very few observations. "There goes a man," said the Squire, "who is an example of the thorough adaptability of English gentlemen and the English character in general when duty comes into play. Walcot was born a soldier. He looked it before he was thirteen; and as you may have noticed, he still keeps the air and carriage of a man of war. And had he gone into the army he would have been none of your Havelocks, I fancy, but a soldier (of course with brains), a

sportsman, and nothing else. However, his mother would not have her last boy put into a red coat, so Tom goes into the Church, and makes as good, and studious, and thoughtful a pastor as you'll find in twenty parishes round. But I confess I had no idea,—I have never seen before such openings of religious emotion."

"Taylor of Baronsgate, perhaps," said the other, "and his recent death bring memories and thoughts and things."

Mr. Walcot came in, paler from contact with the cold out of doors, and quietly replaced himself in the chair which had been expecting his immediate return to it, apparently. A word or two was said about the east wind then prevailing, after which the Parson went on with his story.

"You remember where I broke off. There was I, five or six feet down the face of the crag, and probably indistinguishable from the bushes among which I was reposed; above was Taylor on his knees, and his face addressed either upward or outward to the world he was so much concerned about. He was praying, as of course you understand. It began with the murmuring I first heard, and was a petition for forgiveness of what was in his mind, its impatience, its presumption. But the impatience and presumption (though it might just as well be called that meritorious thing 'wrestling with the Lord,') soon overtopped the preliminary cry for forgiveness. It was very still up there; and I can almost fancy now that it was this silence—which is sometimes like intensity of *listening*, you know—that drew Taylor out. I can imagine that he found invitation in it. At any rate he rapidly warmed into an harangue, now delivered on his knees, now as he paced backward and forward on the crag-peak, or stood on its verge in the posture of St. Paul in the Hampton Court cartoons—an harangue such as I never heard before, nor do I suppose that you ever did either.

"Of course the hour and the scene

had much to do with it," the Parson went on to say, as he took from his breast-pocket a thin sheaf of papers, "and it is impossible that Taylor's rhapsodical outpour should make the impression on you that it made upon me. The voice is wanting; the thrill of it is wanting; everything is wanting; and the attempt to give you a notion of it is a risk, and perhaps an injustice. As it happens, however, my memory, if not equal to Macaulay's, is still a pretty good one; and immediately after repeating Taylor's sermon to Jeffrey I made these notes of it."

With a feeling that half-absorption in the enjoyment of a pipe would ease whatever embarrassment Mr. Walcot might be under, his companions had begun to smoke before he returned from the vicarage; and in the same spirit they composed themselves in that employment with their profiles turned to him as, with a mumbled humming of some unintelligible words to begin with, the Parson dropped his voice into a low minor key and so proceeded, occasionally reading from his notes, but oftener speaking from memory and straight into the chimney-place.

"—My lowness is my boldness. The shepherd-boy who became King in Thy kingdom of Israel raised his voice to Thee importunately, and so I am sure may I. Yet I dread, because I would be more importunate than he; and now, when again the glib devil that sits and whispers in every heart, whiffs me the word that to importune Thy goodness is an accusation of mercy blamefully withheld, I know not whether he would prevent me from my prayer, or whether he speaks a well-afforded truth to one who is already condemned for insolent and rebellious thoughts. I will speak to these fields, then; so that, by Thy grace, my words may fall to the ground through the darkness and die in it if they be pardonably wrong, or rise to the light amid the sighings and seekings of Thy bewildered creatures, if

they may be admitted to audience at Thy throne above these stars.

"'O thou poor world,'—here Walcott stretched forth his arms in a straight line, his eyes bent to the same level, as if to give us a picture of Clement Taylor addressing the kingdoms of the earth—'O thou poor world, the time is nigh when there will be more light for you, or multitudes of half-awakened souls will perish in feeding a flame of no illumination; for that Science is, except as it reveals to us the machinery of our mortal selves, and as it sets a torch up here and there about this catacomb, this earth, wherein our unsouled bodies are to lie. To cry upon knowledge is a daring hazard, and that I will not. But standing in the midst of the growth and flux of it that marks our day, surely we have better reason than our fathers to remember that other tree which grew in the Garden of Paradise and was not the Tree of Life. Truly I think we have! Knowledge! knowledge!—Yes, and wine! wine!—but with wisdom in its use, and the 'establishment of health and joy as the end. Wine is food and it is poison; and nothing better is this earth-drawn and earth-contained knowledge of ours, which, with its glaring ray, drowns the effulgence of the one creative light of love. There is a knowledge that stains, and that too must be spread abroad, *because* it is knowledge and lovely when garlanded by art. There is a better knowledge, that which makes the scholar proud, and yet it is as vain as the hoarding of gold, or the delight of luxurious living, or the savage's delight in the shells which he, too, has gathered on the shore. But there is useful knowledge,—yes, that which guides my hand on the way to my mouth, and teaches me to fill my spoon from the dish that is best. That is the whole epitome of useful knowledge. All's comprised in it, from the knowledge of ploughing for corn and of use for the skins of beasts, up to such seizings and harnessings of God's elemental

servants to looms, and ships, and shop-supply, that poets begin to wonder whether man is not himself the only God. Already! What will poets say when man attains to the creative power of the ants, who choose whether they will have now sons and now daughters, and determine whether their sons shall be hugeous soldiers born in mail or other-shaped toilers and wisecracks like themselves?

"'We are what we are by the Divine appointment of our Father in Heaven—children of His love but creatures of His law. The love I know, my Father!—it is to me as his mother's bosom to a little child that never was reproved. And though I know, too, where I stand,—out of my path of duty in the village street, and under the avalanche of Thy wrath, it emboldens me to cry to Thee. *Hasten Thy law!* Hasten, hasten Thy law!'"

At this, Walcott, who had uplifted his hands, brought them down upon his breast, at the same time bowing his head. An involuntary imitation of Taylor's submissive gesture, no doubt; and the ensuing moment of silence was beautifully suggestive of the avalanche reposing unmoved.

"'All things advance by degrees, from soil to seed, from seed to flower; and among them even the perfecting of them who were made blood-brethren of Thy Son, oh, how long ago! According to our understanding of Thy laws, this is the law of our being; a law that was made—yes! where a day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as a day. Ah, have pity!—a thousand years as a day! I cannot stifle it! Hear me speak, then, the rebellious thought that for us this is the deepest sorrow; always (forgive me!), always in the working of Thy law with us a day is as a thousand years. And therefore?—why therefore generations and generations of mankind, one after another, perish unadvanced in soul and spirit. We live, we die; we live, we die,—like the multitudinous waves that,



following, rise and fall upon the sea ; and what spiritual growth is there in all these centuries ? What growth in the strength and beauty of righteousness that any man can discern ? No ; a thousand years and yet only a day. Oh that every voice on earth could cry to Thee, and not only where blindness stumbles, and frailty breaks, and wars rage, and faith drowns, *Hasten Thy law !*

“ I cry in hope. For since but the other day the skies have opened to shed upon our hearts that gentle dew whence mercy springs, charity, brotherliness, man’s humanity to man. Though it be not much as yet, on that side of the wide heaven of goodness a light breaks which may be the dawn of a day that—what shall it be ? This, too, a day of a thousand evolutionary years—creep, creep, creeping with us on the road to higher things, myriads of Thy creatures falling by the way ! Oh, dear Father, wilt Thou not give us now a thousand years in a day, embrace us in Thine eyes, fill us with Thy breath, wing us with Thy grace, speed us up and up from the stepping-stones of our dead selves till we are all that man can be made by the growth of Thy imparted good ? And great is Thy imparted good, bestowed on us from the beginning. It courses in the dark breast of humanity like the water-streams in the bosom of earth-hidden streams of life and sweetness even when all above is as Dead Sea marsh or arid waste. Where the rain falls, the desert blooms even in a night. In the name of a thousand generations that have gone through baffled lives to fruitless dust, I cry to Thee, *Pour down the rain !* Open wide the skies, as when the angel of the Annunciation descended, and fill the earth from new fountains of revealing grace. The little rills of goodness that thread our hearts will hear, will swell in response to the founts from whence they came, burst upward to the light, and in a little while the world shall witness fulfilment of Thy design and Christ’s desire, that

men should be little lower than the angels.

“ *Give us this day our daily bread.* My familiar from the Pit tells me,”—here Walcot struck his breast smartly, again imitating Taylor, and meaning to smite the insidious imp that was lodged there, or his harbourage at least—“ that, no matter who taught it, this, too, is a reproach more than a prayer. There speaks the voice of Pure Intellect,—too pure to know its error when it lies. I may pray for my bread ; the words of the prayer are lent to me from divine lips. May I not, then, without offending, pray for the larger good of others, as now I do for the descent on all mankind of an abounding inspiration that shall quicken the torpor of spiritual growth ? Almighty Father, it is time ! Faith is dying. The greater good chokes in the luxuriance of the lesser good ; which yet is not shared by all, and is but a palliative, an enjoyment, an adornment for the fortunate in this mortal life alone. Wisdom to know Thy works, but none to know Thy ways, is but a sorry gift ; and yet it is the glory of our day, and such a glory that knowledge of Thy works is banishment of Thee. We say rejoicingly to each other, “ There is an end of the ghost-baunted childhood of the world. We have come through the ages of murk and mist, and here is dawn at last.” Yes, but a morning-beam that blinds where it brightens. The star of our dawn is Lucifer, new risen from below the edge of the world ; and his light out-stares the tender ray that shone on Bethlehem. Indeed it begins to do so, and, but for the re-kindling of that heavenly lamp, will out-stare it. Day by day the numbers of his prophets increase who say, “ This is the true light,—no will-o’-the-wisp from the marshes of superstition like that other one ; ” and troops follow them.

“ And now, standing amid the many unamended wrongs and miseries of the world, they receive a new illumination from their Son of Morn-



ing and welcome it. According to this light, it is idle, it is inhuman, to wait any longer upon the promise of regeneration by precepts of brotherly love. There is a brotherly hate which is far better. As righteous in origin and motive, its help is no tedious illusion for them that suffer. Let us fill ourselves with this pitying rage, and seek each other out to punish and destroy. *Lucifer arisen!* Such is the answering song to *Peace on earth, good-will to men*, dimly sounding through our atmosphere of enlightenment from the farthering distance of two thousand years. Peace? Good-will? Look upon these swarming camps, hearken to the murmuring in the streets, and comfort us whose hearts faint at the retiring promise of that heavenly cradle-song.

"This sudden growth of Mind, this godless Knowledge, this Science which smooths the way of strife on every hand and brings new gifts to slaughter day by day,—Thy grace shall match it with another growth as miraculous, or soon the whole round earth will repeat the groan from the Cross, *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?* We are indeed partakers of Thy spirit, but only as a little child newly infused with the breath of life; and the divine gift prospers little, while the illumined brute in man lifts his head as a god. And now, now what shall raise our spiritual selves to an equal height, (and else will it stifle and a world be lost), unless Thou givest to it another dawn, the heavens opening to pour out splendours of illumination, of revelation, more than those that were shrouded in the darkness that descended upon Calvary! More, more! Grant us more and give to-

day! They were as the awakening beams that fall upon our eyelids when it is morning and yet we sleep. Now it is nigh to noon, and still the sun of the Second Coming, without which Thy ingermated good in the heart of man must perish, is absent from the sky. Father make haste to help us. Send down Thy spirit, not in little, but as a madness, or as a fire that spreads in stubble. There is a common madness of cruelty, a general madness of greed, and many another evil thing. At last, speak Thou the word that shall possess mankind with a madness of righteousness one to another. A star falls! Would it were Thy messenger bearing this frenzy in his fiery wings. Or would that I could think it a token of acceptance, even forgiveness, of Thy servant's importunity. Yet will I not doubt of forgiveness; *for there is not a word in my tongue but Thou, O Lord, knowest it altogether.*"

Here the Parson came to an end; but in doing so he read to himself in his notes, finger on lip, so that it was thought that he left unrepeatd some more daring part of Taylor's appeal, toward its conclusion.

"Striking enough," said the Squire, as the notes were pocketed; "but I must say I see little of the peculiar saintliness which—"

"Nor any share of apostolic helpfulness, sweetness, simplicity, self-effacement, fervour, courage? Let me ask you this: would you dare to pray for the soul of Taylor of Baronsgate? Good-night!" And with a chiding shake of his head, but a kindly face, the Parson abruptly took himself home.

## GUSTAVE FLAUBERT.

IN the year 1877 Gustave Flaubert wrote to a friend: "You speak of Balzac's letters. I read them when they appeared, but with very little enthusiasm. The man gains from them, but not the artist. He was too much taken up with business. You never meet a general idea, a sign of his caring for anything beyond his material interests. . . . What a lamentable life!" At the time the volumes appeared (the year before), he had written to Edmond de Goncourt: "What a preoccupation with money and how little love of art! Have you noticed that he never *once* speaks of it? He strove for glory, but not for beauty."

The reader of Flaubert's own correspondence,<sup>1</sup> lately given to the world by his niece Madame Commanville, and which in the fourth volume is brought to the eve of his death,—the student of so much vivid and violent testimony to an intensely exclusive passion is moved to quote these words for the sake of contrast. It will not be said of the writer that he himself never once speaks of art; it will be said of him with a near approach to truth that he almost never once speaks of anything else. The effect of contrast is indeed strong everywhere in this singular publication, from which Flaubert's memory receives an assault likely to deepen the air of felicity missed that would seem destined henceforth to hang over his personal life. "May I be skinned alive," he writes in 1854, "before I ever turn my private feelings to literary account." His constant refrain in his letters is the impersonality, as he calls it, of the artist, whose work should consist exclusively of his sub-

ject and his style, without an emotion, an idiosyncrasy that is not utterly transmuted. Quotation does but scanty justice to his rage for this idea; almost all his feelings were such a rage that we wonder what form they would have borrowed from a prevision of such posthumous betrayal. "It's one of my principles that one must never write down *one's self*. The artist must be present in his work like God in Creation, invisible and almighty, everywhere felt but nowhere seen." Such was the part he allotted to form, to that rounded detachment which enables the perfect work to live by its own life, that he regarded as indecent and dishonourable the production of any impression that was not intensely calculated. "Feelings" were necessarily crude, because they were inevitably unselected, and selection (for the picture's sake) was Flaubert's highest morality.

This principle has been absent from the counsels of the editor of his letters, which have been given to the world, so far as they were procurable, without attenuation and without scruple. There are many of course that circumstances have rendered inaccessible, but in spite of visible gaps the revelation is full enough and remarkable enough. These communications would of course not have been matter for Flaubert's highest literary conscience; but the fact remains that in our merciless age ineluctable fate has overtaken the man in the world whom we most imagine gnashing his teeth under it. His ideal of dignity, of honour and renown, was that nothing should be known of him but that he had been an impeccable writer. "I feel all the same," he wrote in 1852, "that I shall not die before I've set a-roaring somewhere (*sans avoir fait*

<sup>1</sup> *Correspondance de Gustave Flaubert*. Quatrième Série. Paris, 1893.

*rugir quelque part*) such a style as hums in my head and which may very well overpower the sound of the parrots and grasshoppers." This is a grievous accident for one who could write that, "The worship of art contributes to pride, and of pride one has never too much." Sedentary, cloistered, passionate, cynical, tormented, in his love of magnificent expression, of subjects remote and arduous, with an unattainable ideal, he kept clear all his life of vulgarity and publicity and newspaperism only to be dragged after death into the middle of the marketplace, where the electric light beats fiercest. Madame Commanville's publication hands him over to the Philistines with every weakness exposed, every mystery dispelled, every secret betrayed. Almost the whole of her second volume, to say nothing of a large part of her first, consists of his love-letters to the only woman he appears to have addressed in the accents of passion. His private style, moreover, was as unchastened as his final form was faultless. The result happens to be deeply interesting to the student of the famous "artistic temperament;" it can scarcely be so for a reader less predisposed, I think, for Flaubert was a writer's writer as much as Shelley was a "poet's poet"; but we may ask ourselves if the time has not come when it may well cease to be a leading feature of our homage to a distinguished man that we shall sacrifice him with sanguinary rites on the altar of our curiosity. Flaubert's letters indeed bring up with singular intensity the whole question of the rights and duties, the decencies and discretions of the insurmountable desire to know. To lay down a general code is perhaps as yet impossible, for there is no doubt that to know is good, or to want to know, at any rate, supremely natural. Some day or other surely we shall all agree that everything is relative, that facts themselves are often falsifying, and that we pay more for some kinds of knowledge than those particular kinds are

worth. Then we shall perhaps be sorry to have had it drummed into us that the author of calm, firm masterpieces, of *Madame Bovary*, of *Salammô*, of *Saint-Julien l'Hospitalier*, was narrow and noisy and had not personally and morally, as it were, the great dignity of his literary ideal.

When such revelations are made, however, they are made, and the generous attitude is doubtless at that stage to catch them in sensitive hands. Poor Flaubert has been turned inside out for the lesson, but it has been given to him to constitute practically, —on the demonstrator's table with an attentive circle round—an extraordinary, a magnificent "case." Never certainly in literature was the distinctively literary idea, the fury of execution, more passionately and visibly manifested. This rare visibility is probably the excuse that the responsible hand will point to. The letters enable us to note it, to follow it from phase to phase, from one wild attitude to another, through all the contortions and oburgations, all the exaltations and despairs, the tensions and collapses, the mingled pieties and profanities of Flaubert's simplified yet intemperate life. Their great interest is that they exhibit an extraordinary singleness of aim, show us the artist not only disinterested but absolutely dishumanised. They help us to perceive what Flaubert missed almost more than what he gained, and if there are many questions in regard to such a point of view that they certainly fail to settle, they at least cause us to turn them over as we have seldom turned them before. It was the lifelong discomfort of this particular fanatic, but it is our own extreme advantage, that he was almost insanely excessive. "In literature," he wrote in 1861, "the best chance one has is by following out one's temperament and exaggerating it." His own he could scarcely exaggerate; but it carried him so far that we seem to see on distant heights his agitations outlined against the sky. "Impersonal"

as he wished his work to be, it was his strange fortune to be the most expressive, the most vociferous, the most spontaneous of men. The record of his temperament is therefore complete, and if his ambiguities make the illuminating word difficult to utter, it is not because the picture is colourless.

Why was such a passion, in proportion to its strength, after all so sterile? There is life, there is blood in a considerable measure in *Madame Bovary*, but the last word about its successors can only be, it seems to me, that they are splendidly and infinitely curious. Why may, why *must* indeed in certain cases, the effort of expression spend itself, and spend itself in success, without completing the circle, without coming round again to the joy of evocation? How can art be so genuine and yet so unconsolated, so unhumorous, so unsociable? When it is a religion, and therefore an authority, why should it not be, like other authorities, a guarantee? How can it be such a curse without being also a blessing? What germ of treachery lurks in it to make it, not necessarily, but so easily that there is but a hair-line to cross, delusive for personal happiness? Why, in short, when the struggle is success, should the success not be at last serenity? These mysteries and many others pass before us as we listen to Flaubert's loud plaint, which is precisely the profit we derive from his not having, with his correspondents, struck, like Balzac, only the commercial note. Nothing in his agitated and limited life, which began at Rouen in 1821, is more striking than the prompt, straightforward way his destiny picked him out and his conscience handed him over. As most young men have to contend with some domestic disapproval of the muse, so this one had rather to hang back on the easy incline and to turn away his face from the formidable omens. It was only too evident that he would be free to break his heart, to *gueuler*, as he fondly calls it, to

spout, bellow, and thresh about, to that heart's content. No career was ever more taken for granted in its intensity, nor any series of tribulations more confidently invited. It was recognised from the first that the tall and splendid youth, green-eyed and sonorous (his stature and aspect were distinguished), was born to *gueuler*, and especially his own large cadences.

His father, a distinguished surgeon who died early, had purchased near Rouen, on the Seine, the small but picturesque property of Croisset; and it was in a large five-windowed corner room of this quiet old house, his study for forty years, that his life was virtually spent. It was marked by two great events; his journey to the East and return through the south of Europe with Maxime Du Camp in 1849, and the publication of *Madame Bovary* (followed by a train of consequences) in 1857. He made a second long journey (to Algeria, Tunis, and the site of Carthage) while engaged in writing *Salammô*; he had, before his father's death, taken part in a scanty family pilgrimage to the north of Italy, and he appears once to have spent a few weeks on the Righi and at another time a few days in London, an episode, oddly enough, of which there is but the faintest, scarcely a recognisable, echo in his correspondence. For the rest, and save for an occasional interlarding of Paris, his years were spent at his patient table in the room by the rural Seine. If success in life (and it is the definition open perhaps to fewest objections) consists in achieving in maturity the dreams of one's prime, Flaubert's measure may be said to have been full. M. Maxime Du Camp, in those two curious volumes of *Impressions Littéraires* which, in 1882, treated a surprised world and a scandalised circle to the physiological explanation of his old friend's idiosyncrasies, declares that exactly as that friend was with intensity at the beginning, so was he with intensity in the middle and at the end, and that no life was ever

simpler or straighter in the sense of being a case of growth without change. Doubtful indeed were the urgency of M. Du Camp's revelation and the apparent validity of his evidence; but whether or no Flaubert was an epileptic subject, and whether or no there was danger in our unconsciousness of the question (danger to any one but M. Maxime Du Camp), the impression of the reader of the letters is in complete conformity with the pronouncement to which I allude. The Flaubert of fifty differs from the Flaubert of twenty only in size. The difference between *Bouvard et Pécuchet* and *Madame Bovary* is not a difference of spirit; and it is a proof of the author's essential continuity that his first published work, appearing when he had touched middle life and on which his reputation mainly rests, had been planned as long in advance as if it had been a new religion.

*Madame Bovary* was five years in the writing, and the *Tentation de Saint-Antoine*, which saw the light in 1874, but the consummation of an idea entertained in his boyhood. *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, the intended epos of the blatancy, the comprehensive *bêtise* of mankind, was in like manner the working-out at the end of his days of his earliest generalisation. It had literally been his life-long dream to crown his career with a panorama of human ineptitude. Everything in his literary life had been planned and plotted and prepared. One moves in it through an atmosphere of the darkest, though the most innocent, conspiracy. He was perpetually laying a train, a train of which the inflammable substance was "style." His great originality was that the long siege of his youth was successful. I can recall no second case in which poetic justice has interfered so gracefully. He began *Madame Bovary* from afar off, not as an amusement, or a profit, or a clever novel, or even a work of art, or a *morceau de vie*, as his successors say to-day, not even, either, as the best thing he could make it; but as a premeditated classic,

a masterpiece pure and simple, a thing of conscious perfection and a contribution of the first magnitude to the literature of his country. There would have been every congruity in his encountering proportionate failure and the full face of that irony in things of which he was so inveterate a student. A writer of tales who should have taken the extravagance of his design for the subject of a sad "novelette" could never have permitted himself any termination of such a story but an effective anteclimax. The masterpiece at the end of years would inevitably fall very flat, and the overweening spirit be left somehow to its illusions. The solution in fact was very different, and as Flaubert had deliberately sown so exactly and magnificently did he reap. The perfection of *Madame Bovary* is one of the commonplaces of criticism, the position of it one of the highest a man of letters dare dream of, the possession of it one of the glories of France. No calculation was ever better fulfilled, nor any train more successfully laid. It is a sign of the indefeasible bitterness to which Flaubert's temperament condemned him, and the expression of which, so oddly, is yet as obstreperous and boyish as that of the happiness arising from animal spirits,—it is a mark of his amusing pessimism that so honourable a first step should not have done more to reconcile him to life. But he was a creature of transcendent dreams and unfathomable perversities of taste, and it was in his nature to be more conscious of one broken spring in the couch of fame, more wounded by a pin-prick, more worried by an assonance, than he could ever be warmed or pacified from within. Literature and life were a single business to him, and the "torment of style" that might occasionally intermit in one place was sufficiently sure to break out in another. We may polish our periods till they shine again, but over the style of life our control is necessarily more limited.

To such limitations Flaubert re-

signed himself with the worst possible grace. He polished ferociously, but there was a side of the matter that his process could never touch. Some other process might have been of use; some patience more organised, some formula more elastic, or simply perhaps some happier trick of good-humour; at the same time, it must be admitted that in his deepening vision of the imbecility of the world any remedy would have deprived him of his prime, or rather of his sole, amusement. The *bêtise* of mankind was a colossal comedy, calling aloud to heaven for an Aristophanes to match, and Flaubert's nearest approach to joy was in noting the opportunities of such an observer and feeling within himself the stirrings of such a genius. Toward the end he found himself vibrating at every turn to this ideal, and if he knew to the full the tribulation of proper speech no one ever suffered less from that of proper silence. He broke it in his letters, on a thousand queer occasions, with all the luxury of relief. He was blessed with a series of correspondents with whom he was free to leave nothing unsaid; many of them ladies too, so that he had in their company all the inspiration of gallantry without its incidental sacrifices. The most interesting of his letters are those addressed between 1866 and 1876 to Madame George Sand, which, originally collected in 1884, have been re-embodied in Madame Commanville's publication. They are more interesting than ever when read, as we are now able to read them, in connection with Madame Sand's equally personal and much more luminous answers, accessible in the fifth and sixth volumes of her own copious and strikingly honourable *Correspondance*. No opposition could have been more of a nature to keep the ball rolling than that of the parties to this candid commerce, who were as united by affection and by common interests as they were divided by temper and their way of feeling about those interests. Living, each of them, for literature (though Madame

Sand, in spite of her immense production, very much less exclusively for it than her independent and fastidious friend), their comparison of most of the impressions connected with it could yet only be a lively contrast of temperaments. Flaubert, whose bark indeed (it is the rule) was much worse than his bite, spent his life, especially the later part of it, in a state of acute exasperation; but her inalterable serenity was one of the few irritants that were tolerable to him.

Their letters are a striking lesson in the difference between good-humour and bad, and seem to point the moral that either form has only to be cultivated to become our particular kind of intelligence. They compared conditions at any rate, her expansion with his hard contraction, and he had the advantage of finding in a person who had sought wisdom in ways so many and so devious one of the few objects within his ken that really represented virtue and that he could respect. It gives us the pattern of his experience that Madame Sand should have stood to him for so much of the ideal, and we may say this even under the impression produced by a reperusal of her total correspondence, a monument to her generosity and variety. Poor Flaubert appears to us to-day almost exactly by so much less frustrated as he was beguiled by this happy relation, the largest he ever knew. His correspondent, who in the evening of an arduous life accepted refreshment wherever she found it, and who could still give as freely as she took, for immemorial habit had only added to each faculty, his correspondent, for all her love of well-earned peace, offered her breast to his aggressive pessimism, had motherly, reasoning, coaxing hands for it, made in short such sacrifices that she often came to Paris to go to brawling Magny dinners to meet him and wear, to please him, as I have heard one of the diners say, unaccustomed peach-blossom dresses. It contributes to our sense of what there was lovable at the core of his



effort to select and his need to execrate that he should have been able to read and enjoy so freely a writer so fluid ; and it also reminds us that imagination is after all, for the heart, the safest quality. Flaubert had excellent honest inconsistencies, crude lapses from purity in which he could like the books of his friends. He was susceptible of painless amusement (a rare emotion with him) when his imagination was touched, as it was infallibly and powerfully, by affection. To make a hard rule never to be corrupted, and then to make a special exception for fondness, is of course the right attitude.

He had several admirations, and it might always be said of him that he would have admired if he could, for he could like a thing if he could be proud of it, and the act adapted itself to his love of magnificence. He could like indeed almost any one he could say great coloured things about ; the ancients, almost promiscuously, for they did not write in newspapers, and Shakspeare (of whom he could not say fine things enough), and Rabelais, and Montaigne, and Goethe, and Victor Hugo (his biggest modern enthusiasm), and Leconte de Lisle, and Renan, and Théophile Gautier. He did scant justice to Balzac, and even less to Alfred de Musset. On the other hand he had an odd and interesting indulgence for Boileau. Balzac and Musset were not, by his measure, "writers," and he maintains that, be it in verse, be it in prose, it is only so far as they "write" that authors live ; between the two categories he makes a fundamental distinction. The latter indeed, the mere authors simply did not exist for him, and with Mr. Besant's Incorporated Society he would have had nothing whatever to do. He declares somewhere that it is only the writer who survives in the poet. In spite of his patience with the "muse," to whom the majority of the letters in the earlier of the volumes before us were addressed, and of the great invidious *coup de*

*chapeau* with which he could here and there render homage to versification, his relish for poetry as poetry was moderate. Far higher was his estimate of prose as prose, which he held to be much the more difficult art of the two, with more maddening problems and subtler rhythms, and on whose behalf he found it difficult to forgive the "proud sister" attitude of verse. No man at any rate, to make up for scanty preferences, can have had a larger list of literary aversions. His eye swept the field in vain for specimens untainted with the "modern infection," the plague which had killed Théophile Gautier and to which he considered that he himself had already succumbed. If he glanced at a *feuilleton* he saw that Madame Sara Bernhardt was "a social expression," and his resentment of this easy wisdom resounded, disproportionately, through all the air he lived in. One has always a kindness for people who detest the contemporary tone if they have done something fine ; but the baffling thing in Flaubert was the extent of his suffering and the inelasticity of his humour. The jargon of the newspapers, the slovenliness of the novelists, the fatuity of Octave Feuillet, to whom he was exceedingly unjust, for that writer's love of magnificence was not inferior to his critic's, all work upon him with an intensity only to be explained by the primary defect of his mind, his want of a general sense of proportion. That sense stopped apparently when he had settled the relation of the parts of a phrase, as to which it was exquisite.

Fortunately he had confidants to whom he could cry out when he was hurt, and whose position, as he took life for the most part as men take a violent toothache, was assuredly no sinecure. To more than one intense friendship were his younger and middle years devoted ; so close was his union with Louis Bouilhet, the poet and dramatist, that he could write in 1870 : "I feel no longer the need to write, because I wrote

especially for a being who is no more. There's no taste in it now—the impulse has gone.” As he wrote for Bouilhet, so Bouilhet wrote for him. “There are so few people who like what I like or have an idea of what I care for.” That was the indispensable thing for him in a social, a personal relation, the existence in another mind of a love of literature sufficiently demonstrated to relieve the individual from the great and damning charge, the charge perpetually on Flaubert's lips in regard to his contemporaries, the accusation of malignantly hating it. This universal conspiracy he perceived, in his own country, in every feature of manners, and to a degree which may well make us wonder how high he would have piled the indictment if he had extended the inquiry to the manners of ours. We draw a breath of relief when we think to what speedier suffocation he would have yielded had he been materially acquainted with the great English-speaking peoples. When he declared, naturally enough, that liking what he liked was a condition of intercourse, his vision of this community was almost destined, in the nature of things, to remain unachievable; for it may really be said that no one in the world ever liked anything so much as Flaubert liked beauty of style. The mortal indifference to it of empires and republics was the essence of that “modern infection” from which the only escape would have been to *ne faire que de l'art*. Mankind, for him, was made up of the three or four persons, Ivan Turgenieff in the number, who perceived what he was trying for and the innumerable millions who did not. Poor M. Maxime Du Camp, in spite of many of the leading characteristics of a friend, was one of these millions, and he pays terribly, in the pages before us, for his position.

He pays, to my sense, excessively, for surely he had paid enough, and exactly in the just and appropriate measure, when, in the introduction

contributed to the “definitive” edition of *Madame Bovary*, M. Guy de Maupassant, avenging his master by an exquisite stroke, made public the letter of advice and remonstrance addressed to Flaubert by M. Du Camp, then editor of the *Revue de Paris*, on the eve of the serial appearance of the former's first novel in that periodical. This incomparable effusion, with its amazing reference to excisions and its suggestion that the work be placed in the hands of an expert and inexpensive corrector who will prepare it for publication, this priceless gem will twinkle for ever in the setting M. de Maupassant has given it, or we may perhaps still more figuratively say in the forehead of the masterpiece it discusses. But there was surely a needless, there was surely a nervous and individual ferocity in such a vindictive giving to the world of every passage of every letter in which the author of that masterpiece has occasion to allude to his friend's want of tact. It naturally made their friendship unsuccessful that Flaubert disliked M. Du Camp, but it is a monstrous imputation on his character to assume that he was small enough never to have forgiven and forgotten the other's mistake. Great people never should be avenged; it diminishes their privilege. What M. Du Camp, so far as an outsider may judge, had to be punished for was the tone of his reminiscences. But the tone is unmistakably the tone of affection. He may have felt but dimly what his old comrade was trying for, and even the latent richness of *L'Education Sentimentale*, but he renders full justice to Flaubert's noble independence. The tone of Flaubert's own allusions is a different thing altogether. It is not unfair to say that all this disproportionate tit-for-tat renders the episode one of the ugliest little dramas of recent literary history. The irony of a friend's learning after long years and through the agency of the press how unsuspectingly another friend was in the habit of talking of him, is an irony

too cruel for impartial minds. The disaster is absolute, and our compassion goes straight to the survivor. There are other survivors who will have but little more reason to think that the decencies have presided over such a publication.

It is only a reader here and there in all the wide world who understands to-day, or who ever understood, what Gustave Flaubert tried for; and it is only when such a reader is also a writer, and a tolerably tormented one, that he particularly cares. Poor Flaubert's great revenge, however, far beyond that of any editorial treachery, is that when this occasional witness does care he cares very peculiarly and very tenderly and much more than he may be able successfully to say. Then the great irritated style-seeker becomes, in the embracing mind, an object of interest and honour; not so much for what he altogether achieved as for the way he strove, and for the inspiring image that he presents. There is no reasoning about him; the more we take him as he is the more he has a special authority. *Salammô*, in which we breathe the air of pure æsthetics, is as hard as stone; *L'Éducation*, for the same reason, is as cold as death; *Saint-Antoine* is a medley of wonderful bristling metals and polished agates, and the drollery of *Bouvard et Pécuchet* (a work as sad as something perverse and puerile done for a wager), about as contagious as the smile of a keeper showing you through the ward of a madhouse. In *Madame Bovary* alone emotion is just sufficiently present to take off the chill. This truly is a qualified report, yet it leaves Flaubert untouched at the points where he is most himself, leaves him master of a province in which, for many of us, it will never be an idle errand to visit him. The way to care for him is to test the virtue of his particular exaggeration, to accept for the sake of his æsthetic influence the idiosyncrasies now revealed to us, his wild gesticulation, his plaintive, childish side, the side as to which

one asks one's self what has become of ultimate good-humour, of human patience, of the enduring *man*. He pays and pays heavily for his development in a single direction, for it is probable that no literary effort so great, accompanied with an equal literary talent, ever failed on so large a scale to be convincing. It convinces only those who are converted, and the number of such is very small. It is an appeal so technical that we may say of him still, but with more resignation, what he personally wailed over, that nobody takes his great question seriously. This is indeed why there may be for each of the loyal minority a certain fine scruple against insistence. If he had had in his nature a contradiction the less, if his indifference had been more forgiving, this is surely the way in which he would have desired most to be preserved.

To no one, at any rate, need it be denied to say that the best way to appreciate him is, abstaining from the clumsy process of an appeal and the vulgar process of an advertisement, exclusively to *use* him, to feel him, to be privately glad of his message. In proportion as we swallow him whole and cherish him as a perfect example, his weaknesses fall into their place as the conditions about which, in estimating a man who has been original, there is a want of tact in crying out. There is of course always the answer that the critic is to be suborned only by originalities that fertilise; the rejoinder to which, of equal necessity, must ever be that even to the critics of unborn generations poor Flaubert will doubtless yield a fund of amusement. To the end of time there will be something flippant, something perhaps even "clever" to be said of his immense ado about nothing. Those for some of whose moments, on the contrary, this ado will be as stirring as music, will belong to the group that has dabbled in the same material and striven with the same striving. The interest he presents, in truth, can only be a real interest for fellowship,

for initiation of the practical kind; and in that case it becomes a sentiment, a sort of mystical absorption or fruitful secret. The sweetest things in the world of art or the life of letters are the irresponsible sympathies that seem to rest on divination. Flaubert's hardness was only the act of holding his breath in the reverence of his search for beauty; his universal renunciation, the long spasm of his too-fixed attention, was only one of the absurdest sincerities of art. To the participating eye these things are but details in the little square picture made, at this distance of time, by his forty years at the battered table at Croisset. Everything lives in this inward vision of the wide room on the river, almost the cell of a monomaniac, but consecrated ground to the faithful, which, as he tried and tried again, must so often have resounded with the pomp of a syntax addressed, in his code, peremptorily to the ear. If there is something tragi-comic in the scene, as of a tenacity in the void or a life laid down for grammar, the impression passes when we turn from the painful process to the sharp and splendid result. Then, since if we like people very much we end by liking their circumstances, the eternal chamber and the dry Benedictine years have a sufficiently palpable offset in the *reposé* bronze of the books.

An incorruptible celibate and *dédaigneux des femmes* (as, in spite of the hundred and forty letters addressed to Madame Louise Colet, M. de Maupassant styles him and, in writing to Madame Sand, he confesses himself), it was his own view of his career that, as art was the only thing worth living for, he had made immense sacrifices to application,—sacrificed passions, joys, affections, curiosities, and opportunities. He says that he shut his passions up in cages and only at long intervals, for amusement, had a look at them. The *orgie de littérature*, in short, had been his sole form of excess. He knew best of course, but his imaginations about himself (as about other

matters) were, however justly, rich, and to the observer at this distance he appears truly to have been made of the very stuff of a Benedictine. He compared himself to the camel, who can neither be stopped when he is going nor moved when he is resting. He was so sedentary, so averse to physical exercise, which he speaks of somewhere as an *occupation funeste*, that his main alternative to the chair was, even by day, the bed, and so omnivorous in research that the act of composition, with him, was still more impeded by knowledge than by taste. "I have in me," he writes to the imperturbable Madame Sand, "a *fond d'ecclésiastique* that people don't know"—the clerical basis of the Catholic clergy. "We shall talk of it," he adds, "much better *vivâ voce* than by letter"; and we can easily imagine the thoroughness with which between the unfettered pair, when opportunity favoured, the interesting subject was treated. At another time indeed, to the same correspondent, who had given him a glimpse of the happiness of being a grandmother, he refers with touching sincerity to the poignancy of solitude to which the "radical absence of the feminine element" in his life had condemned him. "Yet I was born with every capacity for tenderness. One doesn't shape one's destiny, one undergoes it. I was pusillanimous in my youth—I was *afraid* of life. We pay for everything." Besides, it was his theory that a "man of style" should never stoop to action. If he had been afraid of life in fact, I must add, he was preserved from the fear of it in imagination by that great "historic start," the sensibility to the *frisson historique*, which dictates the curious and beautiful outburst, addressed to Madame Colet, when he asks why it had not been his lot to live in the age of Nero. "How I would have talked with the Greek rhetors, travelled in the great chariots on the Roman roads, and, in the evening, in the hostels, turned in with the vagabond priests of

Cybele! . . . I have lived, all over, in those directions; doubtless in some prior state of being. I'm sure I've been, under the Roman empire, manager of some troop of strolling players, one of the rascals who used to go to Sicily to buy women to make actresses, and who were at once professors, panders, and artists. These scoundrels have wonderful 'mugs' in the comedies of Plautus, in reading which I seem to myself to remember things."

He was an extreme admirer of Apuleius, and his florid inexperience helps doubtless somewhat to explain those extreme sophistications of taste of which *La Tentation de Saint-Antoine* is so elaborate an example. Far and strange are the refuges in which such an imagination seeks oblivion of the immediate and the ugly. His life was that of a pearl-diver, breathless in the thick element while he groped for the priceless word, and condemned to plunge again and again. He passed it in reconstructing sentences, exterminating repetitions, calculating and comparing cadences, harmonious *chutes de phrase*, and beating about the bush to deal death to the abominable assonance. Putting aside the particular ideal of style which made a pitfall of the familiar, few men surely have ever found it so difficult to deal with the members of a phrase. He loathed the smug face of facility as much as he suffered from the nightmare of toil; but if he had been marked in the cradle for literature it may be said without paradox that this was not on account of any native disposition to write, to write at least as he aspired and as he understood the term. He took long years to finish his books, and terrible months and weeks to deliver himself of his chapters and his pages. Nothing could exceed his endeavour to make them all rich and round, just as nothing could exceed the unetherised anguish in which his successive children were born. His letters, in which, inconsequently for one who had so little faith in any rigour of taste or purity of perception

save his own, he takes everybody into his most intimate literary confidence, the pages of the publication before us are the record of everything that retarded him. The abyss of reading answered to the abyss of writing; with the partial exception of *Madame Bovary*, every subject that he treated required a rising flood of information. There are libraries of books behind his most innocent sentences. The question of "art" for him was so furiously the question of form, and the question of form was so intensely the question of rhythm, that from the beginning to the end of his correspondence we scarcely ever encounter a mention of any beauty but verbal beauty. He quotes Goethe fondly as to the supreme importance of the "conception," but the conception remains for him essentially the plastic one.

There are moments when his restless passion for form strikes us as leaving the subject out of account altogether, as if he has taken it up arbitrarily, blindly, preparing himself the years of misery in which he is to denounce the grotesqueness, the insanity of his choice. Four times, with his *orgueil*, his love of magnificence, he condemned himself incongruously to the modern and familiar, groaning at every step over the horrible difficulty of reconciling "style" in such cases with truth and dialogue with surface. He wanted to do the battle of Thermopylae, and he found himself doing *Bouvard et Pécuchet*. One of the sides by which he interests us, one of the sides that will always endear him to the student, is his extraordinary ingenuity in lifting without falsifying, finding a middle way into grandeur and edging off from the literal without forsaking truth. This way was open to him from the moment he could look down upon his theme from the position of *une blague supérieure*, as he calls it, the amused freedom of an observer as irreverent as a creator. But if subjects were made for style (as to which Flaubert had a rigid theory,



the idea was good enough if the expression was), so style was made for the ear, the last court of appeal, the supreme touchstone of perfection. He was perpetually demolishing his periods in the light of his merciless *gueulades*. He tried them on every one; his *gueulades* could make him sociable. The horror, in particular, that haunted all his years was the horror of the *cliché*, the stereotyped, the thing usually said and the way it was usually said, the current phrase that passed muster. Nothing, in his view, passed muster but freshness, that which came into the world, with all the honours, for the occasion. To use the ready-made was as disgraceful as for a self-respecting cook to buy a tinned soup or a sauce in a bottle. Flaubert considered that the dispenser of such wares was indeed the grocer, and, producing his ingredients exclusively at home, he would have stabbed himself for shame like Vatel. This touches on the strange weakness of his mind, his puerile dread of the grocer, the *bourgeois*, the sentiment that in his generation and the preceding misplaced, as it were, the spirit of adventure and the sense of honour, and sterilised a whole province of French literature. That worthy citizen ought never to have kept a poet from dreaming.

He had for his delectation and for satiric purposes a large collection of those second-hand and approximate expressions which begged the whole literary question. To light upon a perfect example was his nearest approach to natural bliss. *Bouvard et Pécuchet* is a museum of such examples, the cream of that *Dictionnaire des Idées Reçues* for which all his life he had taken notes, and which eventually resolved itself into the encyclopædic exactitude and the lugubrious humour of the novel. Just as subjects were meant for style, so style was meant for images; therefore as his own were numerous and admirable he would have contended, coming back to the source, that he was one of the writers to whom the significance of a work

had ever been most present. This significance was measured by the amount of style and the quantity of metaphor thrown up. Poor subjects threw up a little, fine subjects threw up much, and the finish of his prose was the proof of his profundity. If you pushed far enough into language you found yourself in the embrace of thought. There are doubtless many persons whom this account of the matter will fail to satisfy, and there will indeed be no particular zeal to put it forward even on the part of those for whom, as a writer, Flaubert most vividly exists. He is a strong taste, like any other that is strong, and he exists only for those who have a constitutional need to feel in some direction the particular æsthetic confidence that he inspires. That confidence rests on the simple fact that he carried execution so far and nailed it so fast. No one will care for him at all who does not care for his metaphors, and those moreover who care most for these will be discreet enough to admit that even a style rich in similes is limited when it renders only the visible. The invisible Flaubert scarcely touches; his vocabulary and all his methods were unadjusted and alien to it. He could not read his French Wordsworth, M. Sully-Prudhomme; he had no faith in the power of the moral to offer a surface. He himself offers such a flawless one that this hard concretion is success. If he is impossible as a companion he is deeply refreshing as a reference; and all that his reputation asks of you is an occasional tap of the knuckle at those firm thin plates of gold which constitute the leaves of his books. This passing tribute will yield the best results when you have been prompted to it by some other prose.

In other words, with all his want of *portée*, as the psychological critics of his own country would say of him, poor Flaubert is one of the artists to whom an artist will always go back. And if such a pilgrim, in the very act of acknowledgment, drops for an in-



stant into the tenderness of compassion, it is a compassion singularly untainted with patronage or with contempt; full, moreover, of mystifications and wonderments, questions unanswered and speculations vain. Why was he so unhappy if he was so active; why was he so intolerant if he was so strong? Why should he not have accepted the circumstance that M. de Lamartine also wrote as his nature impelled, and that M. Louis Enault embraced a convenient opportunity to go to the East? The East, if we listen to him, should have been closed to one of these gentlemen and literature forbidden to the other. Why does the inevitable perpetually enrage him, and why does he inveterately resent the ephemeral? Why does he, above all, in his private, in other words his intensely epistolary, despair, assault his correspondents with malodorous comparisons? The bad smell of the age was the main thing he knew it by. Naturally therefore he found life a *chose hideuse*. If it was his great merit, and the thing we hold on to him for, that the artist and the man were welded together, what becomes, in the proof, of a merit that is so little illuminating for life? What becomes of the virtue of the beauty that pretends to be worth living for? Why feel, and feel genuinely, so much about "art," in order to feel so little about

its privilege? Why proclaim it on the one hand the holy of holies, only to let your behaviour confess it on the other a temple open to the winds? Why be angry that so few people care for the real thing, since this aversion of the many leaves a luxury of space? The answer to these too numerous questions is the final perception that Flaubert failed of happiness, failed of temperance, not through his excesses, but absolutely through his barriers. Let him always be cited as one of the devotees and even, when people are fond of the word, as one of the martyrs of the plastic idea; but let him be still more considerably preserved and more fully presented as one of the most conspicuous of the faithless. For it was not that he went too far, it was on the contrary that he stopped too short. He hovered forever at the public door, in the outer court, the splendour of which very properly beguiled him and in which he seems still to stand as upright as a sentinel and as shapely as a statue. But that immobility and even that erectness were bought too dear. The shining arms were meant to carry further, the other doors were meant to open. He should at least have listened at the chamber of the soul. This would have floated him on a deeper tide; above all it would have calmed his nerves.

HENRY JAMES.

## MISS STUART'S LEGACY.

BY MRS. STEEL.

## CHAPTER IV.

HAD any one, a week before his daughter arrived, told Colonel Stuart that her presence would be a pleasant restraint upon him, he would have been very angry. Yet such was the fact. Her likeness to her mother carried him back to days when his peccadilloes could still be regarded as youthful follies, and people spared a harsh verdict on what age might be expected to remedy. Then her vast admiration gave a reality to his own assumptions of rectitude; for the Colonel clung theoretically to virtue with great tenacity, in a loud-voiced, conservative "d—— you if you don't believe what I say" sort of manner. He also maintained a high ideal in regard to the honour of every one else, based on a weak-kneed conviction that his own was above suspicion.

He was proud of Belle too, fully recognizing that with her by his side his grey hairs became reverend. So he pulled himself up to some small degree, and began to sprinkle good advice among the younger men with edifying gravity. As for Belle she was supremely happy. No doubt had she been "earnest" or "soulful" or "intense" she might have found spots on her sun with the greatest ease; but she was none of these things. At this period of her existence nothing was further from her disposition than inward questionings on any subject. She took life as she found it, seeing only her own healthy, happy desires in its dreary old problems, and remaining as utterly unconscious that she was assimilating herself to her surroundings as the caterpillar which takes its colour from the leaf on which

it feeds. For a healthy mind acts towards small worries as the skin does towards friction; it protects itself from pain by an excess of vitality. It is only when pressure breaks through the blister that its extent is realised.

In good truth Belle's life was a merry one. The three girls were good-nature itself, especially when they found the new arrival possessed none of their own single-hearted desire for matrimony. Her stepmother, if anything, was over-considerate, being a trifle inclined to make a bugbear of the girl's superior claims to her father's affection. The housekeeping was lavishly good, and men of a certain stamp were not slow to avail themselves of the best mutton and prawn curry in Faizapore. Where the money came from which enabled the Stuarts to keep open house, they did not enquire. Neither did Belle, who knew no more about the value of things than a baby in arms. As for the Colonel, he had long years before acquired the habit of looking on his debts as his principal, and treating his pay as the interest. So matters went smoothly and swiftly for the first month or so, during which time Belle might have been seen everywhere in the company of the three Miss Van Milders, cheerfully following their lead with a serene innocence that kept even the fastest of a very fast set in check. Once or twice she saw Philip Marsden, and was rallied by the girls on her acquaintance with that solitary misogynist. Mrs. Stuart, indeed, went so far as to ask him to dinner, even though he had not called, on the ground that he was the richest man in the station, and Belle's interests must not be neglected though she was only

a step-daughter. But he sent a polite refusal, and so the matter dropped; nor to Mrs. Stuart's open surprise did Belle make any other declared conquest.

Yet, unnoticed by all, there was some one, who long before the first month was out, would willingly have cut himself into little pieces in order to save his idol from the least breath of disappointment. So it was from Cousin Dick's superior knowledge of Indian life that Belle learnt many comforting, if curious excuses for things liable to ruffle even her calm of content.

Poor Dick! Hitherto his efforts in all directions had resulted in conspicuous failure; chiefly, odd though it may seem, because he happened to be born under English instead of Indian skies. In other words, because he was not what bureaucracies term "a Statutory Native." His mother, Mrs. Stuart's younger sister, had run away with a young Englishman who, having ruined himself over a patent, was keeping soul and body together by driving engines. In some ways she might have done worse, for Smith senior was a gentleman; but he possessed, unfortunately, just that unstable spark of genius which, like a will-o'-the-wisp leads a man out of the beaten path without guiding him into another. The small sum of money she brought him was simply so much fuel to feed the flame; and, within a few months of their marriage, the soft, luxurious girl was weeping her eyes out in a miserable London lodging, while he went the rounds with his patent. There Dick was born, and thence after a year or two she brought them both back to the elastic house, the strong family affection, and lavish hospitality which characterise the Eurasian race. Not for long, however, since her husband died of heat-apoplexy while away seeking for employment, and she, after shedding many tears, succumbed to consumption brought on by the fogs and cold of the north. So, dependent on various

uncles and aunts in turn, little Dick Smith had grown up with one rooted desire in the rough red head over which his sleek, soft guardians shook theirs ominously. Briefly, he was to be an engineer like his father. He broke open everything to see how it worked, and made so many crucial experiments that the whole family yearned for the time when he should join the Government Engineering College at Roorkee. And then, just when this desirable consummation was within reach, some one up among the deodars at Simla, or in an office at Whitehall, invented the "Statutory Native," and there was an end of poor Dick's career; for a Statutory Native is a person born in India of parents habitually resident and domiciled in the country. True, the college was open to the boy for his training; but with all the Government appointments awarded to successful students closed to him by the accident of his birth, his guardians naturally shook their heads again over an expensive education which would leave him, practically, without hope of employment. For, outside Government service, engineers are not, as yet, wanted in India. He might, of course, had he been the son of a rich man, have been sent home to pass out as an Englishman through the English college. As it was the boy, rebellious to the heart's core, was set to other employment. Poor Dick! If his European birth militated against him on the one side, his Eurasian parentage condemned him on the other. After infinite trouble his relations got him a small post on the railway, whence he was ousted on reduction; another with a private firm which became bankrupt. The lad's heart and brains were elsewhere, and as failure followed on failure, he gave way to fits of defiance, leading him by sheer excess of energy into low companionship and bad habits. At the time of Belle's arrival he was trying to work off steam as an unpaid clerk in his uncle's office

when a boy's first love revolutionized his world; love at first sight, so enthralling, so compelling, that he did not even wonder at the change it wrought in him. Belle never knew, perhaps he himself did not recognize, how much of the calm content of those first few months was due to Dick's constant care. A silent, unreasoning devotion may seem a small thing viewed by the head, but it keeps the heart warm. Poor homeless, rebellious, Dick had never felt so happy, or so good, in all his life; and he would kneel down in his hitherto prayerless room and pray that she might be kept from sorrow, like any young saint. Yet he had an all-too-intimate acquaintance with the corruption of Indian towns, and an all-too-precocious knowledge of evil.

Belle in her turn liked him; there was something more congenial in his breezy, terapestuous, nature than in the sweetness of her step-brothers, and unconsciously she soon learnt to come to him for comfort. "Charlie tells such dreadful stories," she complained one day, "and he really is fond of whisky-and-water. I almost wish father wouldn't give him any."

"The governor thinks it good for him, I bet," returned Dick stoutly. "I believe it is sometimes. Then as for lies! I used to tell 'em myself; it's the climate, He'll grow out of it, you'll see; I did."

Now Dick's truthfulness was, as a rule, so uncompromising that Belle cheered up; as for the boy, his one object then was to keep care from those clear eyes; abstract truth was nowhere.

The next time Sonny *baba* was offered a sip from his father's glass, he refused hastily. Pressure produced a howl of terror; nor was it without the greatest difficulty that he was subsequently brought to own that Cousin Dick had threatened to kill him if he ever touched a "peg" again. Luckily for the peace of the household this confession was made in the

Colonel's absence, when only Mrs. Stuart's high, strident voice could be raised in feeble anger. The culprit remained unrepentant; the more so because Belle assoilzied him, declaring that Charlie ought not to be allowed to touch the horrid mixture. Whereupon her stepmother sat and cried softly with the boy on her lap, making both Belle and Dick feel horribly guilty, until, the incident having occurred at lunch, both the sufferers fell asleep placidly. When Belle returned from her afternoon ride she found Mrs. Stuart in high good humour, decanting a bottle of port wine. "You frightened me so, my dear," she said affectionately, "that I sent for the doctor, and he says port wine is better, so I'm glad you mentioned it." And Belle felt more guilty than ever.

These afternoon rides were Dick's only trouble. He hated the men who came about the house, and more especially the favoured many who were allowed to escort the "Van" as Belle's three stepsisters were nick-named. It made him feel hot and cold all over to think of her in the company which he found suitable enough for his cousins. But then it seemed to him as if no one was good enough for Belle,—he himself least of all. He dreamed wild, happy dreams of doing something brave, fine, and manly; not so much from any desire of thereby winning her, but because his own love demanded it imperiously. For the first time the needle of his compass pointed unhesitatingly to the pole of right. He confided these aspirations to the girl, and they would tell each other tales of heroism until their cheeks flushed, and their eyes flashed responsive to the deeds of which they talked. One day Dick came home full of the story of Major Marsden and the Afghan sepoy; and they agreed to admire it immensely. After that Dick made rather a hero of the Major, and Belle began to wonder why the tall quiet man who had been so friendly at their first meeting, kept so persist-

ently aloof from her and hers. He was busy, of course, but so were others, for these were stirring times. The Arsenal was working over hours, and all through the night, long files of laden carts crept down the dusty roads, bearing stores for the front.

One morning, after a restless night, Belle was walking, long before her usual hour, about the winding paths which intersected the barren desert of garden where nothing grew but privet and a few bushes of oleander. This barrenness was not Dame Nature's fault, for just over the other side of the wide white road John Raby's garden was ablaze with blossom. Trails of *Maréchale* Niel roses, heavy with great creamy cups, hung over the low hedge, and a sweet English scent of clove-pinks and *mignonette* was wafted to her with every soft, fitful gust of wind. She felt desperately inclined to cross the intervening dust into this paradise, and stood quite a long time at the blue gate-posts wondering why a serpent seemed to have crept into her own Eden. The crow's long-drawn note came regularly from a *kuchnār* tree that was sheeted with white geranium-like flowers; the Seven Brothers chattered noisily among the yellow tassels of the cassia, and overhead, against the cloudless sky, a wedge-shaped flight of cranes was winging its way northward, all signs that the pleasant cold weather was about to give place to the fiery furnace of May; but Belle knew nothing of such things as yet, so the vague sense of coming evil, which lay heavily on her, seemed all the more depressing from its unreasonableness. A striped squirrel became inquisitive over her still figure and began inspection with bushy tail erect and short starts of advance, till it was scared by the clank of bangles and anklets as a group of Hindu women, bearing bunches of flowers and brazen *lotahs* of milk for *Seetlās'* shrine, came down the road; beside them, in various stages of toddle, the little children for whom

their mothers were about to beg immunity from small-pox. Of all this again Belle knew nothing; but suddenly, causelessly, it struck her for the first time that she ought to know something. Who were these people? What were they doing? Where were they going? One small child paused to look at her and she smiled at him. The mother smiled in return, and the other women looked back half surprised, half pleased, nodding, and laughing as they went on their way.

Why? Belle, turning to enquire after the late breakfast, felt oppressed by her own ignorance. In the verandah she met the bearer coming out of the Colonel's window with a medicine bottle in his hand. Did her ignorance go so far that her father should be ill and she not know of it? "Budlu!" she asked hastily, "the Colonel *sahib* isn't ill, is he?"

The man, who had known her mother, and grown grey with his master, raised a submissive face. "No, missy *baba*, not ill. Colonel *sahib*, he drunk."

"Drunk!" she echoed mechanically, too astonished for horror. "What do you mean?"

"Too much wine drunk,—very bad," explained Budlu cheerfully.

She caught swiftly at the words with a sense of relief from she knew not what. "Ah, I see! the wine last night was bad, and disagreed with him?"

"Damn bad!" Budlu's English was limited but not choice. She remarked on it at the breakfast-table, repeating his words and laughing. None of the girls were down, but Walter and Stanley giggled; and the latter was apparently about to say something facetious, when his words changed into an indignant request that Dick would look out, and keep his feet to himself.

"Was it you I kicked?" asked Dick innocently. "I thought it was the puppy." Then he went on fast as if in haste to change the subject: "I often wonder why you don't learn Hindustani, Belle. You'd be

ashamed not to speak the lingo in other countries. Why not here? I'll teach you if you like."

"There's your chance, Belle!" sneered Stanley, still smarting from Dick's forcible method of ensuring silence. "He really is worth ten rupees a month as *moonshee*, and 'twill save the governor's pocket if it goes in the family."

An unkind speech, no doubt; yet it did good service to Dick by ensuring Belle's indignant defence, and her immediate acceptance of his offer; for she was ever ready of tongue, and swift of sympathy, against injustice or meanness.

So the little incident of the morning passed without her understanding it in the least. Nevertheless Dick found it harder and harder every day to manipulate facts, and to stand between his princess and the naked, indecent truth. Her curiosity in regard to many things had been aroused, and she asked more questions in the next four days than she had asked in the previous four months; almost scandalizing the Van Milder clan by the interest she took in things of which they knew nothing. It was all very well, the girls said, if she intended to be a *zenana*-mission lady, but without that aim it seemed to them barely correct that she should know how many wives the *khansamah* (butler) had. As for the boys, they rallied her tremendously about her Hindustani studies, for, like most of their race, they prided themselves on possessing but a limited acquaintance with their mother tongue; Walter, indeed, being almost boastful over the fact that he had twice failed for the Higher Standard. Then the whole family chaffed her openly because she had a few sensible talks with John Raby, the young civilian; and when she began to show a certain weariness of pursuing pleasure in rear of the "Van," insisted that she must be in love with him without knowing it.

"I don't like Raby," said Mildred, the youngest and least artificial of the

sisters. "Jack Carruthers told me the governor had been dropping a lot of money to him at *écarté*."

"I don't see what you and Mr. Carruthers have to do with father's amusements," flashed out Belle in swift anger. "I suppose he can afford it, and at least he never stints you,—I mean the family," she added hastily, fearing to be mean.

"Quite true, my dear! He's a real good sort, is the governor, about money, and he can of course do as he likes; but Raby oughtn't to gamble; it isn't form in a civilian. You needn't laugh, Belle, it's true; it would be quite different if he was in the army."

"Soldiers rush in where civilians fear to tread," parodied Belle contemptuously. "I wish people wouldn't gossip so. Why can't they leave their neighbours alone?"

Nevertheless that afternoon she stole over to the office, which was only separated from the house by an expanse of dusty, stubbly grass, and seeing her father alone in his private room comfortably reading the paper, slipped to his side, and knelt down.

"Well, my pretty Belle," he said caressing her soft fluffy hair, "why aren't you out riding with the others?"

"I didn't care to go; then you were to be at home, and I like that best. I don't see much of you as a rule, father."

Colonel Stuart's virtue swelled visibly, as it always did under the vivifying influence of his daughter's devotion. "I am a busy man, my dear, you must not forget that," he replied a trifle pompously; "my time belongs to the Government I have the honour to serve." The girl was a perfect godsend to him, acting on his half-dead sensibilities like a galvanic battery on paralysed nerve-centres. He was dimly conscious of this, and also of relief that the influence was not always on him.

"I know you are very busy, dear," she returned, nestling her head on his arm, as she seated herself on the floor. "That's what bothers me.



Couldn't I help you in your work sometimes? I write a very good hand, so people say."

Colonel Stuart let his paper fall in sheer astonishment. "Help me! why my dear child, I have any number of clerks."

"But I should like to help!" Her voice was almost pathetic; there was quite a break in it.

Her father looked at her in vague alarm. "You are not feeling ill, are you, Belle? Not feverish, I hope, my dear! It's a most infernal climate though, and one can't be too careful. You'd better go and get your mother to give you five grains of quinine. I can't have you falling sick, I can't indeed; just think of the anxiety it would be."

Belle, grateful for her father's interest, took the quinine; but no drug, not even poppy or mandragora, had power to charm away her restless dissatisfaction. Dick's office was no sinecure, and even his partial eyes could not fail to see that she was often captious, almost cross. It came as a revelation to him, for hitherto she had been a divinity in his eyes; and now, oh strange heresy! he found himself able to laugh at her with increased, but altered devotion. Hitherto he had wreathed her pedestal with flowers; now he kept the woman's feet from thorns, and the impulse to make their pathways one grew stronger day by day. She, unconscious of the position, added fuel to the flame by choosing his society, and making him her confidant. Naturally with one so emotional as Dick, the crisis was not long in coming, and music, of which he was passionately fond, brought it about in this wise; for Belle played prettily, and he used to sit and listen to her like the lover in Frank Dicksee's *Harmony*, letting himself drift away on a sea of pleasure or pain, he scarcely knew which. So, one afternoon when they were alone in the house together, she sat down to the piano and played Schubert's *Frühlingslied*. The sunshine lay like

cloth of gold outside, the doves cooed ceaselessly, the scent of the roses in John Raby's garden drifted in through the window with the warm wind which stirred the little soft curls on Belle's neck. The perfume of life got into the lad's brain, and almost before he knew it, his arms were round the girl, his kisses were on her lips, and his tale of love in her ears.

It was very unconventional of course, but very natural,—for him. For her the sudden rising to her full height with amazement and dislike in her face was equally natural, and even more unforeseen. The sight of it filled poor Dick with such shame and regret, that his past action seemed almost incredible to his present bewilderment. "Forgive me, Belle," he cried, "I was mad; but indeed I love you,—I love you."

She stood before him like an insulted queen full of bitter anger. "I will never forgive you. How dare you kiss me? How dare you say you love me?"

The lad's combativeness rose at her tone. "I suppose any one may dare to love you. I'm sorry I kissed you, Belle, but my conduct doesn't alter my love."

His manner, meant to be dignified, tended to bombast, and the girl laughed scornfully. "Love indeed! You're only a boy! what do you know about love?"

"More than you do apparently."

"I'm glad you realise the fact if that is what you call love."

"At any rate I'm older than you."

The retort that he was old enough to know better rose to Belle's lips, but a suspicion that this childish squabbling was neither correct nor dignified, made her pause and say loftily, "How can you ask me to forgive such a mean ungentlemanly thing?"

The last epithet was too much for Dick; he looked at her if she had struck him. "Don't say that, Belle," he said hoarsely. "It's bad enough that it's true, and that you don't understand; but don't say that." He leant over the piano and buried his

face in his hands in utter despair. For the first time a pulse of pity shot through the storm of physical and mental repulsion in the girl's breast, but she put it from her fiercely. "Why shouldn't I say it if it is true?"

"Because you are kind; always so good and kind."

Again the pity had to be repulsed, this time still more harshly. "You will say next that I've been too kind, that I encouraged you, I suppose; that would put the finishing touch to your meanness."

This speech put it to Dick's patience; he caught her by both hands, and stood before her masterful in his wrath. "You shall not say such things to me, Belle! Look me in the face and say it again if you dare. You know quite well how I love and reverence you; you know that I would die rather than offend you. I forgot everything but you,—I lost myself,—you know it."

The thrill in his voice brought a new and distinctly pleasurable sense of power to the young girl, and, alas! that it should be so, made her more merciless. "I prefer actions to words. You have insulted me and I will never speak to you again." She regretted this assertion almost as it was uttered; it went too far and bound her down too much. She was not always going to be angry with poor Dick surely? No! not always, but for the present decidedly angry, very angry indeed.

"Insult!" echoed Dick drearily, letting her hands slip from his. "There you go again; but fellows do kiss their cousins sometimes."

Had there been any grown-up spectators to this scene they must have laughed at the full-blown tragedy of both faces, and the alternate bathos and pathos of the pleas. They were so young, so very young, this girl and boy, and neither of them really meant what they said, Belle especially, with her vicious retort: "I am not your cousin, and I'm glad of it. I'm glad that I have nothing to do with you."

As before her harshness overreached itself, and made a man of him. "You want to put me out of your life altogether, Belle," he said more steadily, "because I have made you angry. You have a right to be angry, and I will go. But not for always. You don't wish that yourself, I think, for you are kind. Oh Belle! be like yourself! say one kind word before I go."

Again the consciousness of power made her merciless, and she stood silent, yet tingling all over with a half-fearful curiosity as to what he would say next.

"One kind word," he pleaded; "only one."

He waited a minute, then, with a curse on his own folly in expecting pity, flung out of the room. So it was all over! A genuine regret came into the girl's heart and she crept away miserably to her own room, and cried.

"I wonder Dick isn't home to dinner," remarked Mrs. Stuart when that meal came round. "I do hope he isn't going back to his old habit of staying out. He heard to-day that his application for a post in the Salt Department was refused, and he has no patience like my own boys. I do hope he will come to no harm."

The empty chair renewed Belle's remorseful regret.

"Well! I can't have him kicking his heels in my office much longer," remarked the Colonel crossly. "The head-clerk complains of him. Confound his impudence! he actually interfered in the accounts the other day, and showed regular distrust. I must have good feeling in the office; that's a *sine qua non*."

"Oh, Dick's got a splendid opinion of himself," broke in Stanley. "He had the cheek to tell Raby yesterday that he played too much *écarté* with—" The speaker remembered his audience too late.

Colonel Stuart grew purple and breathless. "Do you mean to say that the boy,—that *boy*—presumed to speak to Raby,—to my friend Raby—

about his private actions? Lucilla! What is the world coming to?"

This was a problem never propounded to his wife save under dire provocation, and the answer invariably warned him not to expect his own high standard from the world. This time she ventured upon a timid addition to the effect that rumour did accuse Mr. Raby of playing high.

"And if he does," retorted the Colonel, "he can afford to pay. Raby, my dear, is a fine young fellow, with good principles,—deuced good principles, let me tell you."

"I am very glad to hear it, Charles, I'm sure; for it would be a pity if a nice, clever, young man, who would make any girl a good husband, were to get into bad habits."

"Raby is a man any girl might be proud to marry. He is a good fellow." He looked at Belle, who smiled at him absently; she was wondering where Dick could be.

"Raby isn't a Christian," remarked Mabel. "He told us yesterday he was something else. What was it, Maud?"

"An erotic Buddhist."

"Esoteric," suggested Belle.

"It's all the same. He said we were the three Thibetan sisters and he worshipped us all. But we know who it is, don't we?"

"How you giggle, girls!" complained Colonel Stuart fretfully. "Belle never giggles. Dear child, I will teach you *écarté* this evening. It will amuse you."

It amused him, which was more to the purpose; in addition it prevented him from falling asleep after dinner, which he was particularly anxious not to do that evening. So they played until, just as the clock was striking ten, a step was heard outside, and Colonel Stuart rose with a relieved remark that it must be John Raby at last. The opening door, however, only admitted truant Dick with rather a flushed face. "From Raby," he said handing a note to his uncle. "I met the man outside."

The scowl, which the sight of the culprit had raised on Colonel Stuart's face, deepened as he read a palpable excuse for not coming over to play *écarté*. It seemed inconceivable that Dick's remonstrance could have wrought this disappointment; yet even the suggestion was unpleasant. He turned on his nephew only too anxious to find cause of quarrel. It was not hard to find, for Dick was manifestly excited. "At your old tricks again, sir?" said his uncle sternly. "You've been drinking in the bazaar."

Now Dick, ever since the day on which Belle had come to him in distress over Charlie's abandonment to "pegs," had forsworn liquor, as he had forsworn many another bad habit. Even when driven to despair, he had not flown to the old anodyne. But his very virtue had been his undoing, and a single stiff tumbler of whisky and water, forced on him by a friend who was startled by his looks as he returned fagged from a wander into the wilderness, had gone to his unaccustomed head in a most unlooked-for degree. The injustice of the accusation maddened him, and he retorted fiercely: "I haven't had so much to drink as you have, sir."

"Don't speak to your uncle like that, Dick," cried Mrs. Stuart alarmed. "You had better go to bed, dear; it is the best place for you."

"Leave the room, you dissipated young meddler," thundered the Colonel breaking in on his wife's attempt to avert a collision. It was the first time Belle had witnessed her father's passion, and the sight made her cling to him as if her touch might soothe his anger.

Dick, seeing her thus, felt himself an outcast indeed. "I've not been drinking," he burst out, beside himself with jealousy and rage. "The man who says I have is a liar."

"Go to bed, sir," bawled his uncle, "or I'll kick you out of the room. I'll have no drunkards here."

Luckless Dick's evil genius prompted

an easy retort. "Then you'd better go first, sir; for I've seen you drunk often than you've seen me!"

The next instant he was at Belle's side pleading for disbelief. "No, no, Belle! it's a lie! I am mad—drunk—anything—only it is not true!" His denial struck home to the girl's heart when the angry assertion might have glanced by. A flash of intelligence lit up the past: she recollected a thousand incidents, she remembered a thousand doubts which had made no impression at the time; and before Colonel Stuart's inarticulate splutterings of wrath found words, her eyes met Dick's so truthfully, so steadily, that he turned away in despair, in blank, hopeless despair.

"Why to-morrow?" he cried bitterly in answer to his uncle's order to leave the room instantly and the house to-morrow. "There's no time like the present, and I deserve it. Good-bye, Aunt Lucilla; you've been very kind, always; but I can't stand it any longer. Good-bye, all of you!"

He never even looked at Belle again; the door closed and he was gone.

"Poor, dear, Dick!" remarked Mrs. Stuart in her high complaining voice. "He always had a violent temper, even as a baby. Don't fret about it, my dear,"—for large tears were slowly rolling down Belle's cheeks—"He will be all right to-morrow, you'll see; and he has really been steadiness itself of late."

"He wasn't anything to speak of either," urged Mildred with her usual good-nature. "Only a little bit on, and I expect he had no dinner."

"Dinner or no dinner, I say he was drunk," growled Colonel Stuart sulkily. "No one lies like that unless he is,—that's my experience."

But Belle scarcely realised what they said. Her heart was full of fear, and though sleep came with almost unwelcome readiness to drive thought away, she dreamt all night long that some one was saying, "One kind word, Belle, only one kind word," and she could not speak.

## CHAPTER V.

OUTSIDE the parallelograms of white roads centred by brown stretches of stubbly grass, and bordered by red and blue houses wherein the European residents of Faizapore dwelt after their kind, and our poor Belle lay dreaming, a very different world had been going on its way placidly indifferent, not to her only, but to the whole colony of strangers within its gates. The great plains, sweeping like a sea to the horizon, had been ploughed, sown, watered, harvested: children had been born, strong men had died, crimes been committed, noble acts done; and of all this not one word had reached the alien ears. Only the District Officer and his subaltern, John Raby, bridged the gulf by driving down every day to the court-house, which lay just beyond the boundaries of the cantonment and close to the native city; there, for eight weary hours, to come in contact with the most ignoble attributes of the Indian, and thence to drive at evening heartily glad of escape. In the lines of the native regiment Philip Marsden went in and out among his men, knowing them by name, and sympathising with their lives. But they too were a race apart from the tillers of soil, the hewers of wood and drawers of water, who pay the bills for the great Empire.

Even old Mahomed Lateef came but seldom to see the Major *sahib* since he had been forced to send his Benjamin to Delhi, there, in a hotbed of vice and corruption, to gain a livelihood by his penmanship. The lad was employed on the staff of a red-hot Mahometan newspaper entitled "The Light of Islâm," and spent his days in copying blatant leaders on to the lithographic stones. Nothing could exceed the lofty tone of "The Light of Islâm." No trace of the old Adam peeped through its exalted sentiments save when it spoke of the Government, or of its Hindu rival "The Patriot." Then the editor took down his dictionary of synonyms, and, looking out all

the bad epithets from "abandoned" to "zymotic," used them with more copiousness than accuracy. Sometimes, however, it would join issue with one adversary against another, and blaze out into fiery paragraphs of the following order :

We are glad to see that yet once more "The Patriot," forgetting its nonsensical race-prejudice for the nonce, has, to use a colloquialism, followed our lead in pertinently calling on Government for some worthy explanation of the dastardly outrage perpetrated by its minions on a virtuous Mahometan widow, &c., &c.

And lovers of the dreadful, after wading through a column of abuse, would discover that the ancestral dirt of an old lady's cowhouse had been removed by order of the Deputy Commissioner ! Yet the paper did good : it could hardly do otherwise, considering its exalted sentiments ; but for all that the occupation was an unwholesome one for an excitable lad like Murhub Ahmed. While his fingers inked themselves hopelessly over the fine words, his mind also became clouded by them. The abuse of language intoxicated him, until moderation seemed to him indifference, and tolerance sympathy. He took to sitting up of nights composing still more turgid denunciations ; and the first time "The Light of Islâm" went forth, bearing not only his hand-writing, but his heart's belief on its pages, he felt that he had found his mission. To think that but four months ago he had wept with disappointment because he was refused the post of statistical writer in a Government office ! Between striking averages, and evolving Utopias, what a glorious difference ! He thanked Providence for the change, though his heart ached cruelly at times when he could spare nothing from his modest wage for the dear ones at home. He had a wife waiting there for him ; ere long there might be a child, and he knew her to be worse fed than many a street-beggar. It seemed to him part of the general injustice which set his brain on fire.

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"Words ! Nothing but words," muttered old Mahomed Lateef as he lay under the solitary *nim* tree in his courtyard and spelt out "The Light of Islâm" with the aid of a huge horn-rimmed pair of spectacles. "Pish ! 'The pen is mightier than the sword !' What white-livered fool said that ? The boy should not have such water in his veins unless his mother played me false. God knows ! women are deceitful, and full of guile."

This was only his habit of thought ; he had no intention of casting aspersions on his much respected wife Fâtma Bibi, who just then appeared with a hookah full of the rankest tobacco. "I shall send for the boy, oh Fâtma Bi !" said the stern old domestic tyrant. "He is learning to say more than he dare do, and that I will not have. He shall come home and do more than he says—ha ! ha !" Fâtma Bi laughed too, and clapped her wrinkled hands, while the shy girl, dutifully doing the daughter-in-law's part of cooking, turned her head away to smile lest any one should accuse her of joy because *he* was coming back.

So Mahomed Lateef covered a sheet of flimsy German note-paper, bought in the bazaar, with crabbed Arabic lettering, and the women rejoiced because the light of their eyes was coming back. And after all the lad refused stoutly to return. He wrote his father a letter, full of the most trite and beautiful sentiments, informing his aged parent that times had changed, the old order given place to the new, and that he intended to raise the banner of *jehâd* (religious war) against the infidel. The women cried *Bismillah*, and Mahomed Lateef, despite his annoyance at the disobedience, could not help, as it were, cocking his ears like an old war-horse. Yet he wrote the lad a warning after his lights, which ran thus :

God and His prophet forbid, oh son of my heart, that I should keep thee back, if, as thou sayest, thou wouldst raise the banner of *jehâd*. If a sword be needed, I will send thee mine own friend ; but remember

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always what the mullah taught thee, nor confound the three great things,—the Dur-ul-Islâm, the Dur-ul-Husub, and the Dur-ul-Ummun.<sup>1</sup> Have at the Hindu pigs, especially any that bear kindred to Shunker's fat carcase; he hath cheated me rascally, and built a window overlooking my yard for which I shall have the law of him. But listen for the cry of the muezzin, and put thy sword in the scabbard when its sound falls on thine ear, remembering 'tis the House of Protection, and not the House of the Foe. If thou goest to China, as perhaps may befall, seeing the *sahibs* fight the infidel there, remember to cool thy brother's grave with tears. Meanwhile, play singletick with Shâhbâz Khân the Mogul, and if thou canst get the old Meean *sahib*, his father, on his legs, put the foils into his hand, rap him over the knuckles once, and he will teach thee more in one minute than his son in five.

Then the old Syyed lay down on his bed under the *nim* tree, and Fâtma Bi fanned the mosquitoes from him with a tinsel fan, and talked in whispers to Nasibun, the childless wife, of the deeds their boy was to do, while Haiyât Bi, the young bride, busy as usual, found time to dry her tears unseen. A fire burning dim in one corner of the courtyard was almost eclipsed by the moon riding gloriously in the purple-black sky overhead. From the other side of the high partition wall came the dull throbbing of the *dholki* (little drum) and an occasional wild skirling of pipes. The marriage festivities in Shunker Dâs's house had begun, and every day some ceremony or other had to be gone through, bringing an excuse for having the *marânsunis* (female musicians) in to play and sing. High up near the roof of the sugar-cake house with its white filigree mouldings gleamed the objectionable window. Within sat the usurer himself conferring with his jackal, one Râm Lâl, a man of small estate but infinite cunning. It was from no desire of overlooking Mahomed Lateef's women that Shun-

ker Dâs frequented the upper chamber. He had other and far more important business on hand, necessitating quiet and the impossibility of being overheard. Even up there the two talked in whispers, and chuckled under their breath; while in the courtyard below the delicate child who stood between Shunker and damnation ate sweetmeats and turned night into day with weary, yet sleepless, eyes.

The moon, shining in on the two courtyards, shone also on the church garden, as Major Marsden after going his rounds turned his horse into its winding paths. A curious garden it was, guiltless of flowers and planted for the most part with tombstones. Modern sanitation, stepping in like Aaron's rod to divide the dead from the living, had ceased to use it as a cemetery; but the records of long forgotten sorrows remained, looking ghostly in the moonlight. The branch of a rose-tree encroaching on the walk caught in the tassel of Major Marsden's bridle, and he stooped to disentangle it. Straightening himself again, he paused to look on the peaceful scene around him and perceived that some one, a belated soldier most likely, was lying not far off on a tombstone. The horse picked its way among many a nameless grave to draw up beside a figure lying still as if carved in stone.

"Now, my man, what's up?" said Major Marsden dismounting to lay a heavy hand on its shoulder. The sleeper rose almost automatically, and stood before him alert and yet confused. "Dick Smith! What on earth brings you here?"

The boy could scarcely remember at first, so far had sleep taken him from his troubles. Then he hung his head before memory. "I'm leaving Faizapore, and came here—to wait for daylight; that's all."

But the moonlight on the tombstone showed its inscription, "Sacred to the memory of John Smith"; and Philip Marsden judged instantly that

<sup>1</sup> The three divisions recognised in Mahometan polemics. (1) The place of Islam; (2) the place of the enemy; (3) the place of protection. The sign of the latter is the liberty of giving the call to prayers.



there was trouble afoot ; boys do not go to sleep on their father's graves without due cause. Some scrape no doubt, and yet——. His dislike to Colonel Stuart made him a partisan, and he was more ready to believe ill of the elder, than of the younger man.

"Don't be in a hurry," he said kindly. "There's something wrong of course, but very few scrapes necessitate running away."

"There's nothing to make me run away," replied Dick, with a lump in his throat as he unconsciously contrasted this stranger's kindness with other people's harshness ; "but go I must."

"Where?"

The question roused the sense of injury latent for years. "Where? How do I know? I tell you there's nothing for me to do anywhere—nothing! And then, when a fellow is sick of waiting, and runs wild a bit, they throw it in his teeth, when he has given it all up."

It was not very lucid, but the lad's tone was enough for Philip Marsden. "Come home with me," he said with a smile full of pity ; "and have a real sleep in a real bed. You don't know how different things will seem to-morrow."

Dick looked at his hero, thought how splendid he was, and went with him like a lamb.

Next morning when the boy with much circumlocution began to tell the tale of his troubles, Major Marsden felt inclined to swear. Would he never learn to mistrust his benevolent impulses, but go down to his grave making a fool of himself? A boy and girl lovers' quarrel,—was that all? Yet as the story proceeded he became interested in spite of himself. "Do you mean to tell me," he said incredulously, "that Miss Stuart is absolutely ignorant of what goes on in that house?"

Dick laid his head on the table in sheer despair. "Ah Major, Major!" he cried, "I told her—I—you should

have seen her face!" He burst into incoherent regrets, and praises of Belle's angelic innocence.

"It appears to me," remarked Major Marsden drily, "to be about the best thing that could have happened. Fiction is always unsafe. Belle,—as you call her—must have found it out sooner or later. The sooner the better, in my opinion."

"You wouldn't say that if you knew her as I do," explained the other eagerly ; "or if you knew all that I do. There will be a smash some day soon, and it will kill Belle outright. Ah! if I hadn't been a fool and a brute, I might have stayed and perhaps kept things from going utterly wrong."

"Then why don't you go back?" asked his hearer impatiently.

"I can't! He won't have me in the office again. You don't know what mischief is brewing there."

"Thank you, I'd rather not know ; but if you're certain this move of yours is final,—that is to say if you don't want to kiss and make friends with your cousin—[Poor Dick writhed inwardly, for he had kept back the full enormity of his offence]—then I might be able to help you in getting employment. They are laying a new telegraph-line to the front, and, as it so happens, a friend wrote to me a few days ago asking if I knew of any volunteers for the work."

The lad's face brightened. "Telegraphs! oh, I should like that! I've been working at them these two years, and I think—but I'm not sure—that I've invented a new——"

"All right," interrupted Major Marsden brusquely ; "they can try you, at any rate. You can start to-night ; that settles it. Now you had better go round and get your things ready."

Dick writhed again in mingled pride and regret. "I can't ; I've said goodbye to them all ; besides, I left a bundle of sorts in the bazaar before I went—there."

Philip Marsden shrugged his

shoulders, remarking that the boy might do as he liked, and went off to his work; returning about two o'clock, however, to find Dick asleep, wearied out even by a half-night's vigil of sorrow. "How soft these young things are," he thought, as he looked down on the sleeping boy, and noticed a distinctly damp pocket-handkerchief still in the half-relaxed hand. A certain scorn was in his heart, yet the very fact that he did notice such details showed that he was not so hard as he pretended. He went into the rough, disorderly room where he spent so many solitary evenings, lit a cigar, and walked about restlessly. Finally, telling himself the while that he was a fool for his pains, he sat down and wrote to Belle Stuart in this wise:—

MY DEAR MISS STUART,—At the risk of once more being meddlesome, I venture to tell you that your cousin, Dick Smith, goes off to Beluchistan to-night as telegraph overseer. It is dangerous work, and perhaps you might like to see him before he leaves. If so, by riding through the church garden about six o'clock you will meet him. He doesn't know I am writing, and would most likely object if he did; but I know most women believe in the duty of forgiveness. Yours truly,  
P. H. MARSDEN.

P.S. If you were to send a small selection of warm clothing to meet him at the bullock train office it, at any rate, could not fail to be a comfort to him.

Belle read this rather brusque production with shining eyes and a sudden lightening of her heart. Perhaps, as she told herself, this arose entirely from her relief on Dick's account; perhaps the conviction that Major Marsden could not judge her very harshly if he thought it worth while to appeal to her in this fashion, had something to do with it. The girl however did not question herself closely on any subject. Even the dreadful doubt which Dick's mad words had raised the night before had somehow found its appointed niche in the orderly pageant of her

mind where love sate in the place of honour. Was it true? The answer came in a passionate desire to be ignorant, and yet to protect and save. Very illogical, no doubt, but very womanly; to a certain extent very natural also, for her father, forced by the circumstances detailed in the last chapter to retire early to bed, had arisen next morning in a most edifying frame of mind, and a somewhat depressed state of body. He was unusually tender towards Belle, and spoke with kindly dignity of unhappy Dick's manifest ill-luck. These dispositions therefore rendered it easy for Belle to make excuses in her turn. Not that she made them consciously; that would have argued too great a change of thought. The craving to forget and forgive was imperative, and the sense of wrong-doing which her innate truthfulness would not allow to be smothered, found an outlet in self-blame for her unkindness to dear Dick. As for poor father:—the epithets spoke volumes.

"There is your cousin," said Major Marsden to Dick as Belle rode towards them through the over-arching trees in the church garden. "Don't run away; I asked her to come. You'll find me by the bridge."

The lad was like Mahomet's coffin, hanging between a hell of remorse and a heaven of forgiveness, as he watched her approach, and when she reined up beside him, he looked at her almost fearfully.

"I'm sorry I was cross to you, Dick," she said simply, holding out her hand to him. The clouds were gone, and Dick Smith felt as if he would have liked to stand up and chant her praises, or fight her battles, before the whole world. They did not allude to the past in any way until the time for parting came, when Dick, urged thereto by the rankle of a certain epithet, asked with a furious blush if she would promise to forget—everything. She looked at him with kindly smiling eyes. "Good-bye, dear

Dick," she said; and then, suddenly, she stooped and kissed him.

The young fellow could not speak. He turned aside to caress the horse, and stood so at her bridle-rein for a moment. "God bless you for that, Belle," he said huskily and left her.

Belle, with a lump in her own throat and tearful shining eyes, rode back past the bridge where Philip Marsden, leaning over the parapet, watched the oily flow of the canal water in the cut below. He looked up, thinking how fair and slim and young she was, and raised his hat expecting her to pass, but she paused. He felt a strange thrill as his eyes met hers still wet with tears.

"I have so much to thank you for, Major Marsden," she said with a little tremor in her voice, "and I do it so badly. You see I don't always understand——"

Something in her tone smote Philip Marsden with remorse. "Please not to say any more about it, Miss Stuart. I understand,—and,—and,—I'm glad you do not." Thinking over his words afterwards he came to the conclusion that both these statements had wandered from the truth; but how, he asked himself a little wrathfully, could any man tell the naked, unvarnished, disagreeable truth with a pair of grey eyes soft with tears looking at him?

Dick, of course, raved about his cousin for the rest of the evening, and besought the Major to send him confidential reports on the progress of events. In his opinion disaster was unavoidable, and he was proceeding to detail his reasons, when Major Marsden cut him short by saying: "I would rather not hear anything about it; and I should like to know, first, if you are engaged to your cousin?"

Dick confessed he was not; whereupon his companion told him that he would promise nothing, except, he added hastily, catching sight of Dick's disappointed face, to help the girl in any way he could. With this

the boy professed to be quite content; perhaps he had grasped the fact that Philip Marsden was apt to be better than his word. And indeed a day or two after Dick's departure Marsden took the trouble to go over and inquire of John Raby what sort of a man Lâlâ Shunker Dâs, the great contractor, was supposed to be.

The young civilian laughed. "Like them all, not to be trusted. Why do you ask?" He broke in on the evasive answer by continuing, "The man is a goldsmith by caste. I suppose you know that in old days they were never allowed in Government service. As the proverb says, 'A goldsmith will do his grandmother out of a pice.' But if the Lâlâ-jî gives you trouble, bring him to me. I've been kind to him, and he is grateful, in his way."

Now the history of John Raby's kindness to Lâlâ Shunker Dâs was briefly this: he had discovered him in an attempt to cheat the revenue in the matter of income-tax, and had kept the knowledge in his own hands. "Purists would say I ought to report it, and smash the man," argued this a cute young casuist; "but the knowledge that his ruin in the matter of that *Rai Bahâdur*-ship hangs by a thread will keep the old thief straighter; besides it is always unwise to give away power."

That to a great extent was the keynote of John Raby's life. He coveted power, not so much for its own sake as for the use he could make of it. For just as some men inherit a passion for drink, he had inherited greed of gain from a long line of Jewish ancestry. The less said of his family the better; indeed, so far as his own account went, he appeared to have been born when he went to read with a celebrated "coach" at the age of sixteen. Memory never carried him further in outward speech; but as this is no uncommon occurrence in Indian society, the world accepted him for what he appeared to be, a well-educated gentleman, and for what he

was, a man with a pension for himself and his widow. His first collector, a civilian of the old type, used to shake his head when John Raby's name was mentioned, and augur that he would either be hanged or become a Chief Court Judge. "He was in camp with me, sir," this worthy would say, "when a flight of wild geese came bang over the tent. I got a couple, the last with the full choke; and I give you my word of honour Raby never lifted his eyes from the *huniah's* book he was deciphering in a petty bond case!"

In truth the young man's faculty for figures, and his aptitude for discovering fraud, partook of the nature of genius, and gained him the reputation of being a perfect *shaitan* (devil) among the natives. Philip Marsden, associated with him on a committee for the purchase of mules, learnt to trust his acumen implicitly, and became greatly interested in the clear-headed, well-mannered young fellow who knew such a prodigious amount for his years; pleasant in society too, singing sentimental songs in a light tenor voice, and having a store of that easy small-talk which makes society smooth by filling up the chinks. Being a regular visitor of Colonel Stuart's house John Raby saw a good deal of Belle, and liked her in a friendly, approving manner; but, whatever Mrs. Stuart may have thought, he had no more intention of marrying a penniless girl than of performing a pilgrimage, or any other pious act savouring of the Middle Ages.

"By the way, I haven't seen the Miss Van Milders or their mother lately," remarked Major Marsden one day to him, as they came home from their committee together and met Belle going out for her afternoon ride by herself.

"Oh, they've gone to Mussoorie; Belle's keeping house for her father."  
"Alone?"

"Yes, alone; queer *ménage*, ain't it? I believe the girl thinks she'll reform the Colonel; and he *is* awfully

fond of her, but——" The younger man shook his head with a laugh. It jarred upon Philip Marsden and he changed the subject quickly. So she had elected to stay with her father! Well, he admired her courage, and could only hope that she would not have to pay too dearly for it.

## CHAPTER VI.

LĀLĀ SHUNKER DĀS having discarded all clothing save a scarf of white muslin tied petticoat-wise round his loins, lay on a wooden bed perched high on the topmost platform of his tall house. But even there the burning breezes of May brought no relief from the heat; and he lay gasping, while his faithful jackal Rām Lāl pounded away with lean brown knuckles at his master's fat body. The *massage* seemed to do little good, for he grunted and groaned dismally. In truth the Lālā ached all over, both in body and soul. A thousand things had conspired against him: his last and most expensive wife (after spending a fortune in pilgrimages) had committed the indiscretion of presenting him with a girl baby; his grandmother having died, he had been forced much against his will to shave his head; his greatest rival had been elevated to the Honorary Magistracy and (adding injury to insult) been associated with him on a *bunch* (bench), and justice grown in bunches is not nearly so remunerative to the grower as single specimens. These were serious ills, but there was one, far more trivial, which nevertheless smarted worst of all; perhaps because it was the most recent.

That very morning Shunker Dās, as behoved one of his aspirations, had testified to his loyalty by attending the usual parade in honour of the Queen's birthday. On previous occasions he had driven thither in his barouche, but ambition had suggested that an appearance on horseback would show greater activity, and please the Powers. So he bought a cast horse from the cavalry regiment

just ordered on service, and having attired himself in glittering raiment, including a magnificent turban of pink Benares muslin, he took his place by the flagstaff. People congratulated him warmly on his confidential charger which, even at the *feu de joie*, seemed lost in philosophic reflections. Shunker Dás waxed jubilant over the success of his scheme, and was just giving himself away in magnificent lies, when the bugle sounded for "close order" preparatory to a few words from the General to the departing cavalry regiment. On this the war-horse pricked up its ears, and starting off at a dignified trot rejoined its old companions, while the Lâlâ, swearing hideously, tugged vainly at the reins. Arrived at the line the conscientious creature sidled down it, trying vainly to slip into a vacant place. Failing of success, the intelligent beast concluded it must be on orderly duty, and just as the Lâlâ was congratulating himself on having finished his involuntary rounds, his horse, turning at right angles, bounded off to rejoin the General's staff. Away went the Lâlâ's stirrups. He must have gone too, despite his clutch on the mane, had not the streaming end of his *pugree* caught in the high crupper-strap and held fast. So stayed, fore and aft, he might have reached the goal in safety, had not the General, annoyed by the suppressed tittering around him, lost patience, and angrily ordered some one to stop that man. Whereupon a mischievous aide-de-camp gave the word for the "halt" to be sounded. Confused out of everything save obedience, the charger stopped dead in his tracks, and the Lâlâ shot over his head, still in a sitting posture. On being relieved of his burden, the co-ordination "stables" apparently came uppermost in the horse's mind, for it walked away slowly, bearing with it the end of the Lâlâ's turban still fastened in the crupper. He, feeling a sudden insecurity in his headgear, and being, even in his confusion, painfully con-

scious of his baldness, clung to the lower folds with both hands. At this slight check, the charger, not to be balked, set off at a canter, and over rolled the fat Lâlâ, heels in air. Then, and not till then, one roar of laughter rent the air. For as he lay there on his back, kicking like a turned turtle, the *pugree* began to unwind like a ball of thread, while the Lâlâ held on like grim death to the lower portion. Not until the last fold had slipped through his fingers and a quarter of a mile or so of pink muslin was fluttering across the parade ground, did he realise the position, and struggling to his seat pass his hand over his bald head with a deprecating smile.

"Go out, Raby, and pick him up," gasped the General aching with laughter. "You're in political charge, aren't you?"

But Philip Marsden, who happened to be on staff duty that day, was already pouring in oil and wine to the Lâlâs hurt dignity when the young civilian came up with nonchalant courtesy. "*Shâhbâsh, sahib!*" he said, "you sat him splendidly, and that last prop would have undone a Centaur."

The Lâlâ grinned a ghastly smile, and Philip Marsden turned impatiently, saying aside: "Get him home, do! He looks so helpless with his bald head; it seems a shame to laugh."

John Raby raised his eyebrows. "The General shall lend him his carriage. That will soothe his wounded vanity."

So the Lâlâ, with his head tied up in a red pocket-handkerchief, went home in the big man's barouche, and the spectators of his discomfiture laughed again at the recollection of it.

"You ought to be the editor of a native newspaper, Marsden," remarked John Raby. "You would be grand on the unsympathetic Anglo-Indian. But if I'd seen the Viceroy himself being unwound like a reel of cotton I must have chuckled."

"No doubt," replied the other laugh-

ing himself. "Yet I am sure a keen sense of the ludicrous is unfortunate in a conquering race. We English always laugh when policy should make us grave; that is why we don't succeed."

"Perhaps; for myself I prefer to grin. As some one says, humour is the religion of to-day. Those who believe in eternity have time for tears. We others,—why we cry '*Vogue la galère!*'"

Lâlâ Shunker Dâs, however, without any abiding belief in a future state, was in no laughing mood as he lay under Râm Lâl's manipulations, listening captiously to his items of bazaar rumour.

"And they say, Lâlâ-ji, that the Sirkar thinks of transferring Colonel Estuart *sahib*."

Shunker Dâs sat up suddenly and scowled. "Transfer Estuart *sahib!*—why?"

Râm Lâl redoubled his exertions on the new portion of the Lâlâ's frame thus brought within reach, until the latter, uttering dismal groans, sank back to his former position. "They say," he continued calmly, "that the Sirkar is beginning to suspect."

"Fool! idiot! knave!" growled his master, gasping at the furious onslaught on his fat stomach. "'Tis all thy bungling. Have I not bid thee not go so fast? Times have changed since the Commissariat *sahibs* sat in their verandahs, and one could walk a file of twenty camels round and round the house until they counted the proper number. But remember! 'Tis thou who goest to the wall, not I. That's the compact. Shunker finds the money, Râmu runs the risk."

"Have I forgotten it, Lâlâ-ji?" replied the other with some spirit. "Râmu is ready. And 'tis Shunker's part to look after the wife and children when I'm in jail; don't forget that! The master would do better if he were bolder. This one would have made much in that fodder contract, but your heart was as water; it always is."

"And if Estuart is transferred; what then?"

"If the branch be properly limed, the bird sticks. Is it limed? Such things are the master's work, not mine."

"Ay! limed right enough for *him*. But the money, Râmu, the money! It will take months to lay the snare for a new man, and the war will be over." The Lâlâ positively wept at the idea.

Râm Lâl looked at him contemptuously. "Get what is to be got from this *sahib*, at any rate; that's my advice."

The very next day Lâlâ Shunker Dâs drove down to the Commissariat office, intent on striking a grand blow.

Things had been going on better than could have been expected in the large, empty house, where Belle, thinner and paler as the days of intense heat went by, did the honours cheerfully. It was not without a struggle that she had been allowed to remain with her father. Mrs. Stuart had prophesied endless evil, beginning with a bad reputation for herself as step-mother; but prudentia! reasons had given their weight in favour of the girl's earnest desire. To make light of the heat, and avoid flight to the hills, was a great recommendation for a civilian's wife, and that, Mrs. Stuart had decreed, was to be Belle's fate. So with many private injunctions to the *khansamah* not to allow the Miss *sahib* to interfere too much in the management, the good lady had, as usual, taken herself and her family to Mussoorie. Shortly after they left Fate played a trump for Belle by sending a slight attack of malarious fever to the Colonel. He was always dreadfully alarmed about himself, and a hint from the doctor about the consequences of over-free living, reduced him to toast and water for a week, and kept him from mess for three. Belle was in a heaven of delight; and she was just enjoying the sight of her father actually drinking afternoon



tea, when Budlu came in to say the Lâlâ-ji wanted to see the Colonel.

"Don't go, father," pleaded Belle. "It's only that horrid fat man; tell him to come again."

John Raby, who often strolled across about tea-time, looked at Colonel Stuart and smiled. He knew most things in the station; among others how unpleasant a visitor Shunker Dâs might be to his host, and not being ill-natured, he chimed in with the girl by offering to see the man himself.

The Lâlâ, leaning back magnificently in his barouche, felt a sudden diminution of dignity at the sight of John Raby. "Bruises all right, Lâlâ?" asked the young man cheerfully, and Shunker's dignity sank lower still. "They ought to give you that *Rai Bâhâdur*-ship for the way you stuck to him; by George, they should! We don't often get men of your stamp, Lâlâ, with estates in every district,—do we? So you want to see the Colonel; what for?" he added suddenly and sternly.

"*Huzoor!*" bleated the fat man. "I,—I came to inquire after his honour's health."

"Much obliged to you! He is better; and I really think if you were to come, say this day fortnight, he might be able to see you."

Shunker Dâs hesitated, fear for his money making him brave.\* "There were rumours," he began, "that my good patron was about to be transferred."

"Sits the wind in that quarter," thought Raby, amused. "My dear Lâlâ," he said, "it's absolutely untrue. Your eighty thousand is quite safe, I assure you."

"*Huzoor!*"

"Good-bye, Lâlâ-ji—this day fortnight," and he returned to his cup of tea in high good-humour. Then he sat and played *écarté* with the Colonel for an hour while Belle worked and watched them carelessly.

"That makes fifteen," remarked the young man as he rose to go, where-

upon Colonel Stuart assented cheerfully, for he had won that evening; and Belle looked up with a smiling farewell, unconscious and content. She lived in a fool's paradise, hugging the belief that her presence was the charm; as though Niagara was to be stemmed by a straw, or the habit of years by a sentiment. As time wore on, the few remaining ladies fled before that last awful pause ere the rains break, when a deadly weariness settles on all living things. Belle, feeling shy among so many men, ceased to go out except on the rare occasions when she could persuade her father to accompany her. But, though he still adhered to his habit of dining at home, he was moody and out of sorts. He, too, had heard rumours of transfer, and that meant the possibility of disaster not to be faced with composure. Restless and irritable, he began to relieve the great craving which took possession of him by all sorts of stimulant and narcotic drugs. And one day came an almost illegible note from him, bidding Belle not wait dinner for him. She felt instinctively that this was the beginning of trouble; nor was she wrong, for though Colonel Stuart was full of excuses the next evening, he never even sent a note the day after that. So Belle ate her solitary dinners as best she might, and though she often lay awake till the small hours of the morning brought an altercation between Budlu and her father, she never sat up for him, or made any effort to meet him on his return. From this time, brutal though it may seem to say so, poor Belle's presence in the house, so far from being an advantage, became a distinct drawback. But for it, Colonel Stuart would have yielded to the mad craze for drink which generally beset him at this time of the year; and after a shorter or longer bout, as the case might be, have been pulled up short by illness. Instead of this, he tried to keep up appearances, and drugged himself with chloral and laudanum till the remedy grew worse than the disease so far as he himself was con-

cerned. It served, however, to hide the real facts from his daughter; for he met her timid protests by complaints of ill-health, assertions that he knew what was best for him, and absolute refusal to call in a doctor.

She grew alarmed. The long, silent days spent in brooding over her father's altered demeanour were too great a strain on her nerves, and she began to exaggerate the position. Her thoughts turned again and again to Dick; if he were there! ah, if he were only there! No one who has not had in extreme youth to bear anxiety alone, can fully understand the horror of silence to the young. Belle felt she must speak, must tell some one of her trouble; it seemed to her as if her silence was a sort of neglect, and that some one must be able to do something to set matters straight. But who? She hesitated and shrank, till one day her father broke down and began to cry piteously in the middle of his ordinary abuse of the servants at lunch. A stiff glass of whisky-and-water restored his anger effectually, and he made light of the incident; but that evening, when Philip Marsden came in late to dress for dinner he found a note awaiting him from Belle.

She, having received no answer, had been expecting him all the afternoon, and as time passed began to wonder at her own temerity in writing. Dick, it is true, had bidden her look on Major Marsden as one willing to help if needs be; but what could Dick know? She went out, after a pretence of dinner, to the little raised platform in the garden where chairs were set every evening for those who preferred it to the house. Belle liked it far better; the purple arch of sky, spangled with stars save where the growing moon outshone them, rested her tired eyes, and the ceaseless quiver of the cicala prevented her from thinking by its insistence. Suddenly her half-doze was interrupted by a voice asking for the Miss *sahib*, and she stood up trembling and uncertain. Why had she sent for him, and

what should she say now that he had come?

"I came as soon as I could, Miss Stuart," said Major Marsden, formally, as their hands met. "But I was out all day, and had a guest to entertain at mess." He stopped, dismayed at her appearance, and added in quite a different tone, "I am afraid you are ill."

She did indeed look ghastly pale in the moonlight, her eyes full of appeal and her lips quivering; yet her shyness had gone with the first look at his face, and she felt glad that she had sent for him. "It is father," she began, then could say no more for fear of breaking down.

The trivial words brought back the recollection of that first meeting with her months before, when she had made the same reply to his offer of help; and as he stood waiting for her to master the fast-rising sobs, a remorse seized him with the thought that surely some of this pain might have been prevented somehow, by some one.

"You must think me very silly," she murmured hastily.

"I think you are overdone," he replied, "and I don't expect you've had any dinner. Now have you?"

A smile struggled to her face. "I don't think I had,—much."

"Then I will tell the *khansamah* to bring you something now."

The full-blown tragedy of life seemed to have departed. She even wondered at her own tears as she sipped her soup, and told him of her troubles with a lightening heart. "Budlu says he never saw father like this before," was the climax, and even that did not seem a hopeless outlook.

"Could he not take leave?" suggested Major Marsden at once; leave being the panacea for all ills in India.

"That's what I want to know. I begged him to go, but the very idea excites him. Would it harm him officially? Is there any reason why he should not?"

Dick's words of warning recurred

to Major Marsden unpleasantly. "None that I know of," he replied. "I will go round to Seymour's to-morrow, and get him to bundle you both off to the hills. You want change as much as your father. In a month's time you will be laughing at all these fears."

"I think you are laughing at them now," said Belle wistfully.

"Am I? Well, I promise not to laugh at you any more, Miss Stuart." He stood up, tall and straight, to say good-bye.

"Isn't that rather a rash promise, Major Marsden?"

"I don't think so. Anyhow I make it, and I'm very glad you sent for me. Considering how little you knew of me,—and how disagreeable that little had been—it was kind."

"I know a great deal of you," she replied, smiling softly. "Dick has told me a lot,—about the brevet,—and the intelligence-work—and the Afghan sepy—"

"And the men in buckram too, I suppose? I'm afraid Dick is not to be trusted. Did he tell you how the man escaped next day, and I got a wiggling?"

"No!" cried Bell indignantly. "Did he?—Did you, I mean?—what a shame!"

"On the contrary, it was quite right. I'll tell you about it some day, if I may. Meanwhile, good-bye, and don't starve; it really doesn't do any good!"

She watched him jingle down the steps, thinking how like an overgrown school-boy he looked in his mess-jacket. So life was not a tragedy after all, but a serio-comedy in which only the monologues were depressing and dull. She went in and played the piano till it was time to go to bed. Yet nothing had really changed, and Fate marched on relentlessly as before. We make our own feelings, and then sit down to weep or smile over them.

The very next afternoon Colonel Stuart was brooding silently over nothing at all in his private office-

room, passing the time, as it were, out of mischief, till he went to dine with John Raby. For the latter, with a sort of contemptuous kindness, put the drag of an occasional game of *écarté* on to the Colonel's potations. Sitting in the dusk his face looked wan and haggard, and, despite his profound stillness, every nerve was wearied and yet awake with excitement; as might be seen from his unrestrained start when Shunker Dás came into the room unannounced; for the office-hours being over the *chupras-sie* had departed.

"Well, what is it now?" he cried sharply. "I saw you this morning. Haven't you got enough for one day? Am I never to have any peace?"

An angry tone generally reduced his native visitors to submission, but the Lâlâ was evidently in no mood for silence. He had taken up a small contract that morning, the earnest-money of which lay for the time in Colonel Stuart's safe. Since then he had heard casually that a long-expected source of profit over which he had often talked with the Colonel, and for which he had even made preparations, had slipped through his fingers. In other words, that all the mule-transport was to be bought by a special officer. "I've come, *sahib*," he blurted out, sitting down unasked, "to know if it is true that Marsden *sahib* has the purchase of mules."

"And if he has, what the devil is it to you, or to me?" The man's arrogance was becoming unbearable, and Colonel Stuart was a great stickler for etiquette.

"Only this; that if you are not going to deal fairly by me, you mustn't count on my silence; that's all!"

"Go and tell the whole bazaar I owe you money, you black scoundrel," cried his hearer, annoyed beyond endurance by the man's assumption of equality. "I'll pay you every penny, if I sell my soul for it, curse you!"

"Eighty thousand rupees is a tall price, *sahib*," sneered the Lâlâ.

"And how about the contracts, and the commission, and the general partnership? Am I to tell that also?"

The Colonel stared at him in blank surprise. God knows in his queer conglomerate of morality it was hard to tell what elementary rock of principle might be found; yet to a certain extent honour remained as it were in pebbles, worn and frayed by contact with the stream of life. "General partnership! you black devil, what do you mean?"

"Mean!" echoed the Lâlâ shrilly.

"Why, the money I've lent you, *paid* you for each contract; the commission I've given your clerks; the grain your horses have eaten; the——"

The Colonel's right hand was raised above his head; the first coarse rage of his face had settled into a stern wrath that turned it white. "If you stop here another instant, by God I'll kill you!"

The words came like a steel-thrust, and the Lâlâ without a word turned and fled before the Berserk rage of the Northman; it is always terrible to the Oriental, and the Lâlâ was a heaven-sent coward.

"Stop!" cried the Colonel as the wretched creature reached the door. He obeyed and came back trembling. "Take your money for the contract with you; it's cancelled. I won't have it in the house. Take it back and give me the receipt I gave you; give it me, I say." The Colonel, fumbling at the lock of the safe, stuttered and shook with excitement. "Take 'em back," he continued, flourishing a roll of notes. "The receipt!—quick! out with it!—the receipt for the three thousand five hundred I gave you this morning!"

"*Huzoor! Huzoor!* I am looking for it; be patient one moment!" The Lâlâ's quivering fingers blundered among the papers in his pocket-book.

"Give it me, or, by heaven, I'll break every bone in your body!" His hand came down with an ominous thud on the table.

"I will give it, *sahib*,—I have it,—here—no—ah! praise to the gods!" He shook so that the paper rustled in his hand. Colonel Stuart seized it, and tearing it to bits, flung the pieces in the waste paper basket at his feet. "There goes your last contract from me, and there's the door, and there's your money!" As he flung the notes in the man's face they went fluttering over the floor, and he laughed foolishly to see them gathered up in trembling haste.

"Gad!" he muttered as he sank exhausted into a chair, "there isn't much fear of Shunker so long as I've a stick in my hand. Hullo! what's that? Something rustled under the table. Here, Budlu! quick, lights! It may be a snake! Confound the servants; they're never to be found!"

He stopped and drew his hand over his forehead two or three times. Just then Budlu, entering with the lamp, stooped to pick something from the floor. It was a note for a thousand rupees, crisp and crackling.

Colonel Stuart looked at it in a dazed sort of way, then burst into a roar of laughter and put it in his pocket-book. "My fair perquisite, by Jove! and it will come in useful to-night at *écarté*. Budlu, give me the little bottle. I must steady my nerves a bit if I'm to play with Raby."

(To be continued.)

## THE FUTURE OF FIELD-SPORTS.

SOME fourteen or fifteen years ago the President of a great meeting of Civil Engineers, held, if I remember rightly, at Newcastle, delivered an address on the commercial prosperity of Great Britain, and on the probability of its duration. He pointed out that in the course of time the coal, from which our wealth is in great measure drawn, would be exhausted, and that if no substitute for it were found our posterity would be unable to work any iron which might be left, and that then the great centres of industry which depend on, and are fed by, this coal and iron, would be ruined. He showed how this would affect the nation, and explained that, while no doubt many lesser manufactories would still exist, the country would be quite unable to support the very large population she would then naturally have, so that the people would drift away to other less worn-out parts of the world. He drew a picture of Great Britain as she would be then, with a population of some ten or twelve millions subsisting chiefly by agriculture; quiet and peaceable, not able to interfere much in foreign affairs, and not then a source of much jealousy to other nations; resting proudly on the remembrance of her mighty deeds in arms, and on the history of her commerce and her splendid literature.

If such a thing ever does come to pass, if no substitute is found for coal, (and we may be sure that most determined attempts will be made long before then to utilise the power of the tides, and to extract the mysterious force which is said to lurk everywhere in the atmosphere) if men are driven away from our shores till our population stands only at about a third of what it is now, whoever else may be

the sufferers, the sportsman at least will gain. Many of our great iron-fields used, in the memory of men who have not yet outgrown middle age, to be wild desolate places, misty moorland districts where partridges and hares bred undisturbed. Some will go back to their primitive state at no very distant period, and we can see now in many parts of the north of England what the scene will be: vast heaps of rubbish slowly growing green; long lines of ruined houses, and fallen chimneys, and rusted iron. An old pit bank often gives shelter to a covey of partridges, and no doubt the line which Henry Kingsley quotes as being one of the most mournful and pathetic in English literature, "The hare shall kindle on the cold hearthstone," has often been realised near some deserted working in Cumberland or Lancashire.

We all hope and believe that the future of Great Britain will be different from this, that, as old ways become used up and impossible, new ways will be found, and that in the future as in the past we shall be able to hold our own with the world. In this case the population will grow to such an extent that there will be no room for sport. An attempt will be made to feed the people, or at any rate to feed them to a larger extent than we do now, from this country, and some system of agriculture more akin to market-gardening will probably hold rather than the expensive and wasteful one now in vogue. Such a system is bad for a sportsman; he wants quiet for shooting, and a free range for hunting, and there will be neither here. One of Leech's illustrations to *Handley Cross* depicts Mr. Jorrocock's huntsman, James Pigg, and his horse in a melon frame, into which

they have jumped, while the owner thereof, the market-gardener, is coming up in a great state of mind, with a spade as a weapon, to inquire into the matter. If the Quorn had a long run in many parts of France or Belgium some of the horsemen who followed that celebrated pack of hounds would probably find themselves in similar uncomfortable quarters. A naval officer once told the writer that pheasant-shooting in China was very fair, and would be really good if there were not so many obstacles about to enjoying it comfortably. He said that the people were so numerous that if you let a gun off almost anywhere in China you were pretty sure to hit a Chinaman. They seemed easy however to deal with, a small present as damages sending them away in a contented state of mind; and indeed this naval authority did say that they would sometimes try to get in the shooter's way on purpose to get these damages. If any of us on a sporting expedition were to shoot a market-gardener there would be sure to be a good deal of trouble about the matter, even if he were not seriously wounded.

The Humanitarian and the Political Economist are both enemies of field-sports; but the former has a very uphill battle to fight, and in a country like this, whose inhabitants are for the most part deeply saturated with the love of sport in one or other of its forms, his cry for amendment must be a feeble one. We should be sorry to sneer at him or his preaching. To argue that sport is not cruel in the ordinary sense of that word, to try to prove that the bullet and the charge of shot do not cause pain, that a salmon likes to run about for an hour with a hook in his mouth preparatory to being gaffed, that an average fox really enjoys a hard run (a very crafty old customer conceivably might), is, I think, to attempt too much. All this opens a great question, far too great a one to discuss in a short paper; and I shall content myself by saying that if sport be really im-

moral, its continual exercise would have a baneful influence over those who indulge in it, as regards their humanity. The great and small land-owners of the kingdom, the lawyers and doctors and men of business, the farmers and huntsmen and keepers and gillies of the south and north, are not the bloodthirsty gang which frequent exercise in their respective vocations would long ago have made them if those vocations were really inhumane.

From time to time paragraphs appear in the newspapers,—little paragraphs as a rule, hidden away in corners as if they were not very important,—which show that evil days are at hand for sportsmen in these islands. Wire fencing and large fields are to stop hunting; deer-forests have long been threatened; meetings of farmers have been lately held in the north, where driving is carried on to a large extent, to protest against such a way of capturing grouse; while in the south their brethren have begun to remonstrate against the harm caused by walking across, instead of down, the turnip-drills.

Let us take a high ground farmer, up in Morayshire, say. He has foxes to bother him, but no hounds, and he knows pretty well how to keep the first in order. How often have I heard men who ought to know better laugh at the idea of grouse-driving doing any harm to such a one: "Harm! nonsense! how can it?" Before the drivers reach the butts some sheep often come up; and, if the work is being done on a large scale, so soon as the one line of men stop, another line on the other side of the boxes will start, and this line will in the course of half an hour or so perhaps meet these same sheep, and fetch them up before them, supposing the animals do not escape at one or other of the flanks. This may be repeated over and over again, and the "woolly people," who ought on that particular day to be resting and feeding in some sheltered spot away from the wind,



are driven about from one place to another till at nightfall they are deposited in the very last part of the moor where, if coarse weather or snow is at hand, they ought to be. On some good driving-moors this sort of thing goes on three or four times a week, and the exercise is bad for sheep. When times were very good farmers never thought about such things: when times were only pretty good they began to think about them; and now, when times are very bad, they have begun to talk about them. They are a race slow to move; what they will do next no man knows.

In 1872 wool was selling at 2s. 7d. a pound; in 1890 that same class of wool was being disposed of for 1s. 0d. a pound. Rents are down no doubt, but not quite so much as this. I can quite fancy a hill-farmer,—after taking a long comprehensive look at his wool-chart, wherein the rise and fall of that commodity is depicted for the last thirty years—jumping up, and taking his stick, and going out to make himself exceedingly unpleasant to the men who are driving their grouse, and his sheep, about the hill. Let us hope that not many farmers are possessed of such a dispiriting ornament to their sitting-rooms as a chart of this kind.

Covert-shooting, as I understand the word in the operation, is not a very old institution in these islands, and the bags made at the beginning of this century, and even much later on in it, were very small when compared with those which are made now. But battue-shooting (as the uninitiated sometimes still call it) has, one might have thought, been established among us sufficiently long for its object to be understood; and yet there are many worthy people who read debates in Parliament, and know where Mashonaland is, and who is the present head of affairs in Brazil, who are still quite ignorant as to the working of a system which is in daily operation during the autumn all over the country. You give some pheasants to a friend; they are gratefully acknow-

ledged, and you are tempted to tell him the details of a bag of which they formed a part. "We got so many—" score or hundreds—"of pheasants." "Oh, what a number! Were they tame pheasants?" is pretty sure to be the answer. And when you acknowledge that they were for the most part reared by hand, you can see at once that you have fallen somewhat in the opinion of the questioner, and that, while he would have given you credit for being a sportsman in the best sense of the word if you had killed your share of a small bag he is unable to praise you now. "Ah!" shaking his head a little, "that is not such good sport, is it, as the other way?"—the other way meaning the early breakfast, and the spaniels, and the heavy dew on the grass as you tramped down the hedgerows. Painters like Morland and his imitators have a good deal to answer for in this respect. They were fond of drawing a spreading oak in full October verdure, two or three well-fed, high-gaited, high-hatted men lying beneath it, the frugal lunch peeping out of a basket, and the equally frugal bag displayed in a row, two hares, three partridges, four pheasants, and perhaps a mallard drake, introduced for the sake of the bonny colouring on his neck. Far be it from us to sneer at such a picture; the engraving, valuable if it is in good order, gives a lifelike picturesque representation of a peaceful scene, which was commoner sixty years ago than it is now. It is probably called *The First of October* or *The Sportsman's Midday Halt*; the companion picture will show the party at work beating the thick hedgerows with spaniels.

When the recipient of your little present shakes his head you know that that old engraving is before his mental eye. It is a waste of breath then to argue with him, to try to explain that though pheasant-shooting is carried on now in a very different manner, it is not necessarily, nor as a matter of fact, butchery, or anything but a means by which the birds are made to give more

difficult and "sporting" shots. If you go into details, and tell your companion that a hand-reared pheasant, sweeping home thirty yards over your head, perhaps before a good breeze, is by no means easy to hit, is harder indeed than a wild one would be in similar circumstances in that he is as a rule stronger, and is infinitely more difficult to knock over than the bird put up before you in the copse wood by the old-fashioned spaniel,—he will be by no means convinced, though he may be too polite to contradict you, especially since he has become an accessory after the fact, as it were, by accepting a portion of the spoil. How can he think otherwise indeed? Has he not seen with his own eyes those tame pheasants running about the field in August and September, and coming in a crowd to be fed? "That young cock there, he will hardly take the trouble to get out of our way, only crouches down a little on the bare ground; why, I could kill him with my stick!" Yes, now. But our doubting companion would not recognise that brilliant longtail on the morning when he left the outlying cover to take his last flight towards home. He lay in the wood right enough; it would not have been a difficult business to make sure of him when he rose with a mighty splutter out of his couch of brambles; but though there are guns behind him, they are only shooting ground game, or birds that go back, and nothing flying forwards is interfered with. There is a spirited description in Mr. Bromley Davenport's book *Sport* of how such a pheasant is dealt with, and I shall not follow him to his death, merely adding that he will have given more sport when he dies far up in the air, shot through the head and neck, leaving just a puff of feather above him as he falls, than twenty low-flying, hunted-up, plastered pheasants.

We need not wonder that people who have no taste for shooting, and have never owned a gun, should be ignorant as to the way in which it

should be managed, when we find that some of those who write about it, and who therefore should at any rate understand the rudiments of it, are themselves ignorant, blind leaders of the blind. Some years ago there was an account in a London paper of partridge-driving in France. The writer gave an interesting description of the old chateau and its surroundings, and he only betrayed himself to be an ignoramus quite at the end of his article, when he had got his men placed: "And now the sharp crack of the rifles began to be heard." We have long ago recognised the fact that a Frenchman is not necessarily a being to whom Providence has denied all knowledge and skill of what pertains to the field; but if he has taken to slaying driven partridges with a bullet it is time we made a friendly invasion of his territory in order to watch the proceedings. A year or two since another writer, while dilating on the pleasures of shooting black-game, incidentally mentioned that the black-cock paired like the grouse. There is of course nothing wrong in being ignorant of the habits even of black-game; but a man who writes a long article about them for the instruction of his fellow creatures ought to have known that not even a Mormon or a stag is more polygamous than the fine old bird whose coming of age is celebrated on the 20th of August.

As in covert-shooting so in many other branches of sport a false idea has been set on foot, often with the best of intentions, and has never been properly caught up again. Deer-stalking has particularly suffered in this way; it took long years to drive out of some folks' heads that a forest was not a wood, perhaps had no trees in it. But that red deer wander over a fertile country, where good crops could be raised, is still an article of faith with many people. The outcry which was raised about the wickedness of forests a few years ago was in a great measure caused by the doings of one man, who, more perhaps for the sake

of notoriety than the love of sport, spent about £20,000 a year in rents in order to kill some two hundred stags. His work was not done by stalking but by driving, quite a different matter. It was a wasteful, extravagant business, and yet something might be said even for it. Driving on such a scale as practised in Glenstrathfarrar and the adjoining forests required a vast amount of forethought, and patience, and skilful arrangement, all of which, as the story books say, might have done great things if they had been directed to more worthy ends. To send out a hundred men, to cover very many miles of wild hill, and to bring the shyest and most suspicious of all creatures to a given place at a given time was no easy task. These movements depended entirely upon the wind; with some winds it was no use going out at all, and when the hour of manœuvring was just about to be rewarded by fruition, it was a common thing for some change in it to render all the labour useless. Then there came up the wretched question of the pet lamb, and one dreary trial at law after another as to this lamb, and to trespass here and bridges there, till the public got weary of the name of the millionaire, and heartily wished him back in his own country. He smirched the fair fame of stalking, and part of the public now tar all men who shoot deer as if they were as this American.

It is one of the finest features about fox-hunting that it causes the smallest amount of suffering to the pursued. One small red animal, half of him tail, will give a long happy day to perhaps a good many people, horse and foot (may we not add to horses and dogs into the bargain?) and at night may be none the worse for his exertions and ready to take the field again some other time.

What would become of many people in these islands if hunting and shooting were to be done away with? The love of running after something is so

strongly implanted in the nature of the average Briton that it is difficult to believe that the first branch of sport can ever become quite extinct; the love of life itself would almost die out in many men if a law were ever to be passed that after some particular date near at hand fox-hunting was to come to an end, not for a few months only, but for ever. And yet twenty years ago who would have been able to predict that a nail was to be so soon hammered into its coffin, and that not only wire, but barbed wire would be used for fencing purposes in some of the fairest parts of the finest riding-countries of England? This matter of wire fencing, and the kindred difficulty of dealing with immense fields of horsemen, are so often thrashed out in the papers devoted to field-sports that it is not necessary to enter into them here. Masters of hounds are now willing to pay for taking up wire before the hunting-season begins, and to put it down again in the spring. The difficulties caused by large fields will have somehow to be overcome, either by ceasing to advertise meets, or by making it understood (how, perhaps, it is not very easy to say) that those who come out will have to pay for their sport, an idea which, while it is commonly acted upon by residents, is often overlooked by visitors.

Field-sports in the British Islands are for the most part artificial, but hunting is entirely so. If it was not for the tender care which, in England at any rate, is taken of the fox he would soon become as extinct as the wolf. Coverts are planted for him on dry sunny hillsides; his breed is improved by judicious crossing with strangers from the north; and, in a good hunting-country, keepers are supposed at any rate to look after his comfort and to consider him almost as much belonging to their family as do their pheasants. In a district which is suitable in every way for game but which is not preserved, it is always exceedingly scarce.

There is little doubt that, as years go on, all sports will have a tendency to become more artificial. Hunting exists entirely on sufferance, and it is marvellous to think that it has existed so long on such terms, and is still in so comparatively healthy a state. It will probably exist for a long time yet, but ever growing a little more circumscribed in its range, and more dependent on retaining the goodwill of farmers by a greater consideration for their pockets and their feelings. A general interference with, and stoppage of, hunting and shooting, would have a certain effect on the prosperity of the two kingdoms. It may be taken for granted that a large number of men who now live on their properties would then cease to do so; many country houses, great and small, would be closed. If an association of farmers was to forbid hunting in Leicestershire (and it would not by any means take a universal combination to do this) a good many squires would desert the famous shire, and few strangers would arrive to spend their money in it. If all deer-forests were handed over to crofters to keep their sheep in (I do not stop to inquire from what source the crofters would get the capital to buy the sheep) the present steady flow of gold into many a Highland strath would be at once dried up. Few realise how very large is the direct and indirect expenditure in connection with field-sports.

There is a class (not a large one yet, though it is an increasing one) which would, if it could, give all game to farmers as an inalienable right, divide all forests among the small tenants living round about them, make all fishing free, and (though their voice is feeble and less certain here) discourage hunting in all its branches, partly on humane, and partly on utilitarian grounds. Some advocate these sweeping changes from motives which we can all respect, however much we may dissent from them, and others because it is just now fashionable to throw a stone or a little mud at a landlord.

Both are often deplorably ignorant of the pursuits they run down, and of the effect which would ensue if their power to do mischief were equal to their will. If we are to believe half of what these latter worthies tell us, the average country gentleman is a being for whose rapid extinction from off the earth we ought to put up weekly public prayers. A foreigner, visiting us for the first time with a "clean mind," and hearing only this side of the case, might be excused for setting him down as a harsh, intolerant, selfish tyrant; generally quite incapable, but when gifted with some small amount of brains, invariably using them to bully and defeat his worthier but weaker brethren in all county and parochial matters in which they might come together. These are of course the views of extreme folks; the majority of people are probably agreed that, though no doubt landlords are no more free from faults than other people, yet that on the whole the relations which exist between them and their tenants and servants have been, and still are, in the main kindly and sympathetic.

If shooting becomes impossible owing to farmers having the right to all game on their lands, a large number of people, more or less intimately connected with this particular branch of sport, would suffer directly. There would be no object in paying keepers, and the money, often a large sum, spent in beaters would be saved; those who had to do with dogs would suffer; a kennel of ten dogs is not a very large one, but the local dealer who supplied it with food would pass some £50 a year through his hands. Gunmakers, and the numerous manufacturers of the thousand and one things connected with shooting, would come upon evil days; many would no doubt be ruined. But such direct losses would be trifling compared with the indirect ones. Men fond of a country life would no longer care to live on their properties, and many of those who could afford it, would drift

away abroad for a great part of the year, and spend there the money which used to be spent at home. Even in these days, when co-operative stores are with us everywhere, the closing of a country house makes a good deal of difference to a neighbourhood. A man with only a thousand or two a year spends a very considerable part of it between his home and the nearest market-town, while the closing of a great establishment may sometimes mean almost ruin to its neighbourhood.

Of the vast sum of money which is, so to speak, invested in hunting, it is not necessary to speak with any detail; the capital floating about in hounds and horses, and in looking after them and their attendants, in one way and another is enormous. So too in a deer-forest; the enemies of such places tell you that the people in the north benefit little by them, that the big rent goes into the pocket of the landlord, to be spent often far away. A deer-forest means a good round annual sum to the nearest posting-master and to his servants; it means the partial or permanent employment of a good many gillies and stalkers. You never find the Land-leaguer saying anything about what is spent on improving the road to it, in bridging streams, in fencing, in bringing the telegraph nearer to it, in making paths through it. It would not be a very large forest which wanted thirty miles of paths; but the sixpence a yard which such may cost will keep a good many crofters going while making them, while nothing gets sooner out of order, and wants renewing so soon, as a deer-path.

In these days, especially in these later days, when the fight to pay a rent and make a living is so hard and difficult, the farmer would not allow any mere question of sentiment to stand in his way. If he believed that, with fox-hunting abolished, and all game in his own hands (which in the majority of cases would mean its extinction), with his landlord a cold,

powerless personality, and a land-court settling from time to time what the rent should be, he would so be a more prosperous man, no mere remembrance of the old kindly relationships would prevent him from acquiescing in, and urging on, the change. We suspect that he is, as a rule, far too shrewd to desire such a revolution; and though many have a not unnatural feeling that they should be entitled to call their own any wild creatures which they may feed, the majority are aware of the advantages which a resident landlord gives them.

I must not be tempted to stray further into the relationships between landlords and tenants, but any one who wishes to consider the game question exhaustively will of course have to do so. It is inextricably mixed up with the present hard times. In the more golden days when wheat sold at sixty shillings a quarter, and some, at any rate, of the price for sheep and cattle went into the farmer's pocket, we heard little about the harm done by field-sports. Now that the landlord, big or little, is, if his income all comes from land, an all but ruined man, while his farmers sit in very much the same kind of boat, we are hearing and shall hear much more. The farmer has now many counsellors; some really understanding his complicated position, and others (the loudest and foulest-mouthed ones these) sadly ignorant of all but its most superficial aspect, but bent on using him as a lever against a class or a policy which they dislike.<sup>1</sup>

We think the shooting sportsman will at no very distant period fall upon very evil days. Men who are rich enough to farm the land they shoot over may do well enough yet awhile; the cry that even they should

<sup>1</sup> The Deer-Forest Commission which has been appointed by the Government consists of eight members. Four of these have never expressed any opinion on the question; while the others have for years, in season and out of season, never lost an opportunity of calling for the total abolition of the system into whose workings they have now to investigate.

work their properties, not as they would like, but for the general benefit of mankind, is yet a feeble one. There is a growing feeling among farmers in many parts of the country that they who feed the birds and animals should also, as a matter of course, own them, if they can get hold of them; and if such an idea is thought to be far-fetched, I would ask who, twenty years ago, would have dreamed of such an interference with the rights of landlords as the Ground Game Act? Shooting will become daily more dependent on the goodwill existing between the landlord and the tenant. It does of course depend on that to a great extent now; but what I mean is that when land is let the game will go with it as a matter of course, and if the landlord wishes to shoot he will have to pay for the right, to become in fact his farmer's tenant. It is all very well to say that landlords will not let their land under such conditions; if matters go on much longer as they are doing at present landlords will soon be too poor to have any voice in the matter. The writer has often heard his father speak of the days when he used to start from his home in Cumberland, and shoot right away for ten miles almost in any direction he liked, every farmer glad to see him, and to tell him where there was a covey of partridges or a hare. His father's son would meet with scant welcome on such a walk to-day. We have ourselves in great measure to blame for the coming change; we have been too greedy, too anxious to make a show, to excel our neighbours. A decent farmer never minded seeing a good sprinkling of hares on his ground, especially if there was a coursing-meeting held on it at the end of the season; but he did object to the great droves there used to be in many parts, feeding on seeds and young corn; if he hunted them about with a dog he would very likely hear of it. And so with pheasants,—where those birds are turned out in many hundreds they do harm.

The time will surely come, sooner perhaps than later, when a man keen for really good sport will have to turn his face from home. Where then will he go? Even in the wild parts of the world game is decreasing. A railway runs now up the valley of the Saskatchewan where, a few years ago, the Earl and the Doctor wandered for months without setting eyes on a human being. The buffalo is gone from America; no game laws could restore him now; the millions which from time immemorial wandered over the great plains have disappeared, slaughtered in whole droves, not for sport or meat, but for their skins. Mr. Roosevelt, in his *Hunting Trips of a Ranchman*, gives an interesting account of the last scene in the history of the buffalo. "Less than a score of years ago," he says, writing in 1886, "the great herds containing many millions of individuals ranged over an expanse of country that stretched in an unbroken line from near Mexico to far into British Columbia. . . . The bulk of the slaughter was done in the dozen years from '72 to '83; never before in all history were so many wild animals of one species slain in so short a space of time. . . . A ranchman who had made a journey of a thousand miles across Montana told me, to use his own expression, that 'during the whole distance he was never out of sight of a dead buffalo, and never in sight of a living one.'"

It is sad to read the accounts which travellers have to give of the game of the world, and then to compare their statements with those made fifty years ago or even much later. Moffat, Livingstone, Gordon Cumming, Selous,—they have all the same tale to tell of Africa, of elephants and buffaloes and lions driven further and further north. So long as the pitfall and the assegai were the only weapons with which these animals could be attacked, little impression could be made on them. Gordon Cumming describes how in his day in Lower Albany, "The foot-



paths formed through successive ages by the feet of the mighty animals were still visible on the sides of the forest-clad hills, and the larger bones and skulls of many are at this moment bleaching in some of the forest kloofs and ravines near the sea." For the best part of a century a man might as reasonably expect to come across a megatherium in this part of the country as an elephant, and many a hundred miles to the north would he have to go before he had a chance of shooting one. And as with the elephant so with the rhinoceros. "In the dry season," says Mr. Selous, the great African hunter, "the isolated water-holes represent all the water to be found over an enormous district, and therefore all the rhinoceroses that in happier times were distributed over many square miles of country were in drought dependent on perhaps a single pool." Here they were met and killed, and he adds, "they must be almost extinct in the western half of South Africa." Elephants may not be shot in India now, except by the leave of the Government. Tigers are not exactly preserved there, but the headman of many a district would feel much aggrieved if strangers were to come down upon his jungles and harry his stock without his leave.

If the destruction of big game is to take place on anything like the same scale in the future as it has in the past its practical disappearance from the world would only be a question of a very short time. But fortunately there will for a long time to come remain some districts remote from railways where the trader will not find it worth his while to go. In east central Africa, in what used to be called the "Gorilla country" there is not much large game; but in the west central part there will, according to the authorities, for a long time yet

remain districts where the elephant, the bison, and the lion will be found. And it will be many years before Thibet, and the northern parts of America, and the vast desolate regions of Asiatic Russia are thoroughly explored.

But the game of the world is decreasing, and as new lands are opened to civilisation so it will get less and less; in the struggle for existence there will be no room for the sportsman; his requirements will grow more modest as time advances, but they will not be satisfied. The last British wolf was killed in Sutherlandshire about the year 1700 by a man called Polson. Who will be handed down to posterity as the slayer of the last British rabbit? What a pathetic picture might be drawn of the last cock pheasant! Perhaps some Macaulay of the far distant future may astonish his readers by his account of what went on in the rural districts of Great Britain in the nineteenth century, by relating how, owing to the scantiness of the population, men used to shoot partridges and pheasants by the thousand on ground then, and for generations past, the sites of immense towns; by telling how the great garden of England, then mapped out into small tenements, each laboriously and minutely cultivated with no waste of wood or hedgerow, used in those far-away years to be furiously ridden over by hundreds of horsemen, in pursuit of an animal long since extinct in the land and only known to the curious in old books of Natural History. If it ever becomes felony to ride over another man's field, or to turn out more than a score of pheasants, or to shoot more than fifty head of game in a day, and the world at large is the better or the happier for it, we ought to rejoice at the prospect. But I should not like to live in those days.

GILFRID W. HARTLEY.

## A JACOBITE LAUREATE.

LORD WOODHOUSELEE describes in his "Life of Lord Kames" an extinct species of dandies who adorned Edinburgh society between the Rebellions, and still adorned many an after-dinner tale in his own time. They were known, he says, distinctively as the Beaux or the Fine Gentlemen; and they differed from the more familiar species of the order dandy by the peculiarity that they combined with their superior elegance of dress and manners the possession of rare literary gifts and acquirements, and that their title to be leaders of fashion was founded upon the combination. This was more than their peculiarity, it was their principle. Philosophy, they held, was essential to fine manners; without letters there could be no smartness. Their general maxims of life are preserved in a little work, by one of themselves, Colonel Forrester's "Polite Philosopher," which may be taken as a sort of beau's breviary, and was written to show, as the title suggests, that the polite philosopher was the true style of the fine gentleman. Manners came from the mind, and the highest perfection even of superficial living was only attainable by men of solid, balanced, and cultivated parts. And however it may have stood with the other members of the circle, Forrester at least seems to have successfully exemplified that ideal in his own person, for we have the decided testimony of so austere a critic as Dr. Johnson, that he "was himself the Great Polite he drew." Now the first lesson this master of the polite philosophy seeks to inculcate on "the smarts of the University, the sparks of the side-boxes, and the flutterers of the drawing-room" is that "without reason there's no being a fine gentleman."

Vivacity, he tells them, might answer very well for their outside wear, but unless they had reason for their undergarment they would fail entirely of their high calling. It was not the periwig that made the beau; it was "sense, moderation, sweetness," these three. "In a few words, sense, moderation, and sweetness are essential to a polite philosopher." And the pattern of the part is described as being

Learned without pride, of taste correct, yet  
free  
Alike from niceness and from pedantry,  
Careless of wealth, yet liking decent show;  
In fine, by birth a wit, by trade a beau.

The Beaux were a product of the Union, which had turned the thoughts of the Scotch strongly towards England, and made English literature a rage among the upper classes of Scotch society. The taste for letters, which departed from Scotland on the removal of the Court to London, came back again on the removal of the Parliament. Young people of fashion all threw themselves into the new pursuit of the hour, and many of them became true masters of the craft. Of such were the Beaux. They may have sparkled their little hour with the rest of the world of fashion in the side-boxes of which Forrester speaks; they may have fluttered in the drawing-room, as Hamilton describes them,

Unrivalled, clad in rich refulgent garb  
Laced or brocaded;

but they were at any rate the true and first authors of the literary revival that brought such high distinction on their country in the last century the fathers, or if you prefer it, the forefathers of what used to be called the republic of letters in Scotland.

They lie together now however in a common, though unequal, oblivion. The best of them are scarce more than a name, and Forrester is not even that. His name does not appear even in the all-embracing "Dictionary of National Biography" now in course of publication; and we know hardly anything of him except that he corresponded on literary subjects with Lord Kames, and was David Hume's predecessor in the post of travelling tutor to the Marquis of Annandale. Besides Forrester, Lord Woodhouselee mentions only two others of the Beaux, William Hamilton of Bangour, the subject of the present sketch, and Lord Binning, eldest son of the Earl of Haddington and author of one of the most popular songs of that age, "Ungrateful Nanny," who died young and deeply lamented in 1732 in Italy, "near the tomb," says a contemporary and friendly writer (possibly Hamilton), "of the Roman poet he so much admired, and whose manners he so nearly copied." But another much-prized member of the group was Robert Crawford, son of the laird of Drumsoy, who also died prematurely in that same year 1732, but who lives still for generations to come in his "Bush aboon Traquair," his "Tweedside," his "Leader Haughs and Yarrow." Hamilton speaks with delight of the companionship and

pleasing song  
Of him who sad beneath the wither'd  
branch  
Sat of Traquhair, complaining of his lass.

Yet another of the Beaux was Lord Kames, who must however have come far short of their standard in the *suaviter in modo*, for his coarseness of feeling and expression stands embalmed in many well-known anecdotes. But if he was not an academician he was at least an associate, a constant associate and adviser of all the Beaux. His own literary career, in which he won such high contemporary eminence, did not begin till a later period of his life, when these old companions of his

early days were all gone, and his whole strength and mind were given at this time to that drudgery of the Bar, of which he used afterwards to say that, if he had had £50 a year of his own, nothing would ever have induced him to undergo it. But he occasionally relieved that drudgery by a poetical contribution to the "Edinburgh Miscellany," and he already played in this northern school of polite philosophy the part which Voltaire subsequently rated him unsparingly for presuming to play to the world at large, the part of general lawgiver on all the canons of good taste in everything from an epic poem to a garden-plot. Hamilton says that he himself

From Hume learned verse with sense to criticise ;

and the Hume he alludes to is not David Hume the historian, but Henry Home of Kames. Hamilton, it is true, was intimate with David Hume, and was one of the few personal friends to whom the historian submitted his "Essay on Miracles" for examination prior to publication. But he was probably not intimate with Hume in 1738, when the poem was written in which the above-quoted line occurs; and the poem itself looks back to a considerably earlier period to recall the friends and friendships of the author's youth. Besides, Hume and Home were the same name, spelt indifferently with an *o* or a *u* as fancy suggested, but always pronounced in the same way, probably Hoom. David Hume's elder brother spelt it with an *o*, and we know from other instances of Hamilton's spelling of the name, that he was partial to the *u*. It is accordingly to Kames that we find him submitting the manuscript of his chief poem, "Contemplation," for criticism and emendations. To Kames, too, the authority on nature as on art, he addresses his poem on the various beauties of the old Edinburgh Assemblies, "To H. H. in the Assembly Room." Of these Assemblies, which had only then been recently estab-

lished after the first thaw of the old Puritan rigour for an occasional dance in the afternoon, Hamilton's mother, Lady Dalrymple of North Berwick, was one of the patrons, while the poet himself and Kames and the Beaux generally were among the leading frequenters.

Between Hamilton and Kames there subsisted a peculiarly warm friendship. Kames was eight years the senior and had known the other from a child. It was, indeed, the sight of the poet's stepfather, Lord President Dalrymple, sitting in the evening with his family around him and listening to his daughter playing on the harpsichord, that first set young Kames's ambition on fire. Here, he thought, is a truly dignified and happy old age; and he resolved to be a judge, and became one. And in his own dignified old age at Blair Drummond, we are told by his neighbour, John Ramsay of Ochtertyre, that nothing seemed to give him keener delight than to recall his early intercourse with Hamilton, and to describe the many happy scenes they had enjoyed together more than half a century before. Ramsay has preserved only one of these reminiscences, but it is characteristic. They had been dining at a country house, where they had drunk rather deeply after the manner of the time, and it was dark before the company dispersed. When they had all mounted their horses and were ready to start, Hamilton was nowhere to be seen; but presently, down among the horses' feet, a voice was heard mumbling out, "Lady Mary, sweet Lady Mary, when you are good, you are too good;" the allusion being to the story of the man who, being unable to mount his horse, invoked the aid of the Virgin, and was answered so much above his asking that, on his next attempt, he not only got up into the saddle, but fell over on the other side.

Many of the scenes Ochtertyre speaks of were no doubt transacted in one or other of the numerous under-

ground taverns of Old Edinburgh which Hamilton has celebrated, to which, he says, his friends resorted "when thirsty twilight fell," and where they oft kept "friendship's holy vigil" in long nights of very tedious toasting of the beauties whose praises he sung in his poem to H. H. in the Assembly Room. Hamilton seems to have been always the life and soul of such scenes. Kames says that his wit and spirit were generally overflowing, though he was subject to occasional fits of absence of mind, a peculiarity, one cannot help thinking, which was much more prevalent in the last century than in this. A bright sparkling nature, he lived only to be bright and to sparkle. Though a younger son, he never adopted any profession; one recalls the phrase of Forrester, "by trade a beau;" and in the epitaph he wrote for himself he takes credit for true philosophy in eschewing all the troubled ambitions of Law, Church, and Politics.

Learn from this man, who now lies five  
feet deep,  
To drink when doubting, and when tempted  
sleep.  
This led him safe through life's tempestu-  
ous steerage,  
Poor by no place, if noble by no peerage.

The epitaph all through betokens not a strong, but certainly a most lovable man; and in Edinburgh, where he was known, no man, if we may judge from the records of the time, was then more beloved or admired than "Willy Hamilton of Bangour."

He had been brought up in the very centre of Edinburgh society, for after his father's death, which occurred while the poet was still a child, his mother married Sir Hew Dalrymple of North Berwick, a member of the then all-powerful family of Stair, and Lord President of the Court of Session; and he acquired moreover personal distinction as a poet before he was fairly out of boyhood. Hamilton was only twenty when he published what

Wordsworth calls the "exquisite ballad" of "The Braes of Yarrow," in Allan Ramsay's "Tea-table Miscellany" in 1724; and though he never again wrote anything equal to "that first fine careless rapture," he continued to produce pieces from time to time, which, if they did not fulfil the promise of that poem, at least kept it alive and made him always something of an interesting figure among his contemporaries.

As a poet his range was limited; as the Ettrick Shepherd says of him, "not half the chords his fingers played"; but as Hogg immediately acknowledges, he has certainly left us "some thrilling lays," and he exercised no inconsiderable influence on subsequent poets of much greater genius than his own. For he was among the first not only to try to recover the spirit of the old Border Ballads, but also to feel the inspiration of the natural scenery around him. The poet Fergusson pays him a high tribute for venturing "to court fancy on Tweda's plains or Cowdenknowes" instead of the old conventional scenes from Greece and Italy; while Sir Walter Scott renders him the still higher tribute of imitation, for, as one of the chief authorities on Border Poetry points out, Scott's description of winter on Tweedside in "Marmion" shows traces of having been suggested by the lines in Hamilton's "Contemplation," which appeared in 1739:

Now winter from the frozen North  
Drives her iron chariot forth;  
Her grizzly hand in icy chains  
Fair Tweda's silver flood constrains;  
Cast up thy eyes, how bleak and bare  
He wanders on the tops of Yair.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> When Boswell was once trying to interest Johnson in Hamilton's poems, this was one of the passages he selected. But the Doctor would have none of it: "Why an *iron* chariot?" he asked, and said, no doubt with some truth, that *icy chains* was an old image. "I comforted myself," adds Boswell somewhat pathetically, "with thinking that the beauties were too delicate for his robust perception." It does not appear however that Boswell tried the Doctor with Wordsworth's favourite, "The

This love of nature Hamilton seems to have himself learnt from Allan Ramsay, who was one of his earliest friends and whose "Gentle Shepherd," on its first appearance in 1725, was introduced by a dedicatory poem to the Countess of Eglinton written by the younger poet. In the same poem in which he mentions having learnt poetical criticism from Kames, Hamilton tells how he

With Ramsay nature mus'd, or nature's power,  
Orsaunter'd contemplation's faithful hour,  
Enjoy'd what Hopetoun's groves can never yield,  
The philosophic rapture of the field.

Hamilton fell into the one great trouble of his life through forgetting his own rule of political abstinence, and throwing himself into the cause of Prince Charlie in the Rebellion of 1745. He was bred a Whig of the Whigs in the house of the Lord President; but like other members of the President's family (his grandson, for example, Sir James Steuart the Economist) he caught the romantic Stuart sentiment that was then abroad. He had made the acquaintance of the young Prince some years before, it appears, when he was at Rome in the course of a continental tour with Sir James Steuart. They were one day enjoying the view from the Capitol, it is said, when a young stranger stepped forward and without preliminary ceremony of any kind asked Hamilton, "Do you think this view finer than that from North Berwick Law?" North Berwick Law was on his stepfather's estate, and the young stranger was "Scotland's heir" Prince Charles Stuart. However this may be, it is certain that when the young Prince landed in the Highlands, made his gallant march on Edinburgh and won his first victory at Prestonpans, Hamilton's enthusiasm for him swelled beyond all control. He immediately wrote his song of triumph,

Braes of Yarrow," which is certainly Hamilton's best title to fame, but which perhaps his admirer thought too particularly Scotch for his friend's taste.—EDITOR.

the "Ode to the Battle of Gladsmuir" (the name the Jacobites used to give to Prestonpans), and the song having been printed and set to music by McGibbon, the author became generally known as the Jacobite Laureate. Hamilton never took up arms, but this poem identified him so strongly with the lost cause that, after the defeat at Culloden in 1746, he was obliged to go into hiding, to the irreparable injury of his health, in the caves of the Grampians. He had only recently lost his young wife, a daughter of Sir James Hall, of Dunglass, whom he had married in 1743; and in this "sad and dismal hour of multiplied distress" he composed one of his finest poems, the "Soliloquy wrote in June 1746"; in which he says, among other things, that all his old resources failed him in his present "state of lone despair," and that even the Muse, once so constant in "whispering her repose," had no longer any power to make his sorrows lift. He had underrated her powers, for it was to this very poem that he owed his deliverance. Between its beauty and its piety it won for him the interest and favour of a Presbyterian minister to whose manse he was brought with no friendly intent, and through whose judicious services he contrived shortly after to effect his escape to France.

In France he settled at Rouen, where he found a small colony of Scottish refugees already established, among others a personal friend of his own, Dr. Stuart Thriepland of Fingask (Sir Stuart, as all good Jacobites continued to call him spite of the attainder), and Andrew Lumisden, a young Edinburgh solicitor who had acted during the Rebellion as Under Secretary and Clerk to the Treasury to the Prince, and became a few years after this date his Chief Secretary in succession to Murray of Broughton. Like Hamilton, Lumisden had also had his four months of hiding, without however being any the worse for it; but disguising himself as a poor schoolmaster he got a free seat

to England from a charitable King's Messenger and found no difficulty in making his way to France. In a few months they were joined by Lumisden's brother-in-law, a young engraver, afterwards well known as Sir Robert Strange, but who had as yet engraved almost nothing except a portrait of Prince Charlie in Edinburgh, and promissory notes for him at Inverness. Strange, who had been driven into the Rebellion by Miss Lumisden making it an express condition of her engagement to him that he should join the cause, had lately owed his life to her presence of mind. She had saved him from a search-party by hiding him under her hoop, and by keeping on at her wheel with such successful assumption of unconcern that all suspicions of his presence were disarmed; and he was already married to her before he came to Rouen. In the correspondence between her and her husband and brother, we come upon curious little glimpses of Hamilton and the other members of this group of exiles.

Hamilton occupied rooms with Dr. Thriepland and seems to have been the life and soul of the whole group. He was often sick, having contracted under his exposure among the Grampians the seeds of consumption which carried him off a few years later; but he was most attentively and skilfully nursed by Dr. Thriepland, and for all his ill-health his good spirits never slackened. He continued impenitent in politics. He doubtless joined Dr. Thriepland in the toast which the Doctor never omitted drinking at dinner down to the end of his life in the beginning of this century, "The Land o' cakes and the right Steward to deal them"; and at the very moment when his friends were using their utmost endeavours to procure his pardon, he was singing new pæans to Prince Charlie, coupling his name with those of the patriots Wallace and Bruce, and declaring that in the history of the Scottish cause defeat meant only deferred victory.



The land thy fathers ruled has oft been  
viewed  
Enthralled unbroke, and vanquished un-  
subdued ;  
Scotia, for genius famed and gallant deed,  
Has yet her bards to sing, her chiefs to  
bleed.  
Your freedom shall be hers, her kings shall  
reign ;  
For you Culloden was not lost in vain.

One of the two portraits of the poet by Gavin Hamilton, which was finished during this period and engraved by Strange, represents him as in the act of composing these lines in all the elaborate glory of his wig and ruffles. It was painted for his friend Thriepland as a memorial of their common exile, and still exists in Fingask Castle with the above verses written on the back of it in Thriepland's own hand and accompanied by the annotation, "Written by William Hamilton, Esq., of Bangour, at Rouen in France, in the third year of our exile, 1749."

He was not only still fain to be bard of the lost cause, but he had at this time some designs of becoming its historian, and we find him in 1749 in correspondence with Lord George Murray about some of the more critical incidents of Culloden. There is moreover every reason to believe that in the same year he participated in the bounty of the French Government as a Jacobite refugee. Lumisden in one of his letters speaks of going to Paris for three weeks along with Hamilton to see whether he could obtain anything from the Government ; and the ensuing French gratification-list contains the names of both Lumisden and Hamilton for an annuity of six hundred livres each (about £26) along with those of Lord Nairn, Clanranald, Glengarry, the two Oliphants of Gask, and others for larger sums. That the Lumisden of this list is Andrew Lumisden is certain from his own correspondence on the subject with Sir Robert Strange, and it appears likely, at any rate, that the Hamilton of this list is the poet of Bangour. The chief doubt arises from the circumstance

that there is no reason to think he stood in any need of such a gratification because his friends were rich and powerful ; whereas Lumisden lived in constant difficulties on account of the irregularity of his remittances from home, due, it appears, not to the risk of communication with rebels, but to the growing embarrassment of his father's affairs. He was always on the outlook for a job. He tried to get a place as mercantile clerk, but the French merchants would not take a foreigner, and the British merchants, then numerous in Rouen, would not take a Briton, for fear he should become their own future rival in trade. He thought next of a commission in Lochiel's French regiment, but failed again in that ; and he seems to have been all through afflicted with such a plentiful lack of cash that he felt made rich by the Prince's Secretaryship at £25 a year. Hamilton, however, could not have been in such narrow circumstances ; though he may possibly have accepted the gratification as a prudent provision against the contingencies of a rebel's life, for he seems to have had little hope of pardon and no thought whatever of submission or reconciliation.

His pardon came sooner than he thought, and in 1750 he was again free and returned to Scotland. One of the steps taken by his friends to procure the pardon was the publication for the first time of a collected edition of his poems at the Foulis press in Glasgow in 1748. His partisan poem "Gladsmuir" seems to have carried his fame from the lettered to the wide outer world. It was set to music and sung in Jacobite houses, and a demand began to arise for other works by the author. Imperfect versions of some of his unpublished poems, and even of others which were already in print, were appearing, and his friends thought it time to intervene and save his reputation by publishing an edition of his poems which should be as correct and complete as they could make it. It is called a

"surreptitious edition" in the new "Dictionary of National Biography," but it was not so in any real sense, although it was certainly and avowedly published without the author's knowledge or consent. It was issued by the author's personal friends, and the "surreptitious editor" was no less a person than Adam Smith. Smith was then a young man fresh from Oxford, who under the advice and patronage of Hamilton's friend Lord Kames had just begun to lecture on English literature in Edinburgh, and the preface to this edition of Hamilton's poems is the first known writing from Smith's pen. David Laing, who tells us the circumstance, omits to mention his authority for the information; but the statement is confirmed to some extent by the known fact that Smith became exceedingly intimate with the poet during the latter's brief life in Scotland after his pardon, though, from Smith's long absence at Oxford, they could have had no acquaintance with one another before; and that Smith was requested, and probably complied with the request, to write the dedication to William Crawford, merchant of Glasgow, the friend of Hamilton, which stands

before one of the later editions of the poems.

Soon after his return to Scotland Hamilton succeeded to the family estate of Bangour through the death of his elder brother, and married a second time; but he had hardly settled down to the enjoyment of his pardon and his fortune when he was obliged to fly abroad again,—a fugitive this time from a much more unrelenting enemy than the King, the rigour of his native climate, which his now enfeebled condition was no longer able to endure. He died at Lyons in 1754 at the age of fifty. His body was brought back to Edinburgh and laid with his fathers in the Abbey of Holyrood, within the precincts of the old palace which, in his epitaph on himself, he sets above all other kings' courts, because it was unoccupied by the living:

There, where no statesman buys, no bishop  
sells,  
A virtuous palace, where no monarch  
dwells.

And there, in the city where he seems to have once been so much, he now rests without even a stone to mark the place where he lies.

## THE APOSTASY OF JULIAN FULKE.

## PART THE FIRST.

## I.

ON the eve of his departure from Oxford Julian Fulke was lying on a couch in his rooms at Christ Church. He had spent his day dreaming and elaborating a little ode inspired by the beauty of a bronze bust of the Diane Chasseresse.

But though he wrote odes, and had been guilty of much verse besides, he did not wish that his name should go down to posterity as that of a poet only. His was a wider, a more ambitious desire; he was to be the apostle who would preach the doctrine of the beautiful to all English-speaking nations. According to Julian Fulke, England was but awakening from the slumberous ignorance, the crass vulgarity of the Georgian era. A new Renaissance was dawning. Men would find that the worship of what was most beautiful in the world would rouse in them the nobler passions which less lovely forms would fail to do.

To have harmonised perfectly with so beautiful a doctrine Julian Fulke ought, at least, to have been good to look upon,—which he was not. Endowed with rugged, strong, remarkable features, he was, as he always said of himself, the black tone which served to give all other tints their proper values and relations. Indeed, in course of time he grew rather to cherish his ugliness, and to think whether he would not rather have been remarkably ugly than commonly good-looking; if he could not give a decided opinion on this subject, it was only because his sensations were so much a matter of cultivation that he never could tell what was real in himself and what was artificial.

Writing his poems excited Julian Fulke; not because they were a revelation of his inner nature, but because they meant to him all the culture which he had more or less laboriously accumulated; besides, he reckoned on this taste for rhyming, and the sense of the true value of sounds which he undoubtedly possessed, as a basis on which to rest his claims to the apostleship of the beautiful. Therefore he sought at every opportunity to develop this gift of his. Sympathy, true feeling, were unknown qualities to him. He was wonderfully, sublimely self-engrossed, with the full consciousness of being so. Altruism, he always thought, must be the most beautiful thing in the world, but it would always be impossible to him. Yet life was extremely interesting to Julian Fulke, and there were, he felt, great possibilities open to him. He was beyond the vulgar necessity of earning his bread, being the possessor of a pittance of some seven hundred a year. His birth entitled him to a position in society; his talents, and the influence that he felt confident of gaining over men and manners, would render that position more brilliant. For the more commonplace arena of politics Julian Fulke had the supremest contempt. He had no ambition to gain the admiration of the Masses; indeed it would have hurt his self-esteem more to be well thought of than to be flouted by them.

He was disturbed in the midst of his reverie by a timid rap at the door. At that time of the year, when term was over, visitors were scarce; indeed Julian never had a superfluity of them, having always discouraged any attempt at familiarity from men of his own or other colleges. But to this hesitating

knock he answered "Come in," almost from the sheer curiosity to see who it was dared to disturb him.

The door opened slowly, but for some little time no one crossed the threshold. Fulke turned and saw an elderly divine, pausing, evidently in astonishment, before he invaded the precincts. A remarkable figure in itself, but at that time made more so by the look of extreme wonder on its face; over six feet in height, clad in spotless black, slender, with a scholar's stoop, and with fine mild, blue, short-sighted eyes, the intruder formed a strong contrast to Fulke with his square, thick-set figure. And when the man spoke, his shy, hesitating manner and monotonous voice brought into strong relief the younger man's full vibrating tones. This voice of Julian's was, by the way, a great source of delight to him. It was expressive, and he had the art of modulating it to perfection.

"Ah, pardon," said the elder man; "these used, I think, to be my rooms. A sentimental desire drove me to revisit my haunts of thirty years ago; but I should never have recognised them to be the same."

"No?" asked Julian with his pleasant smile. "Have I then changed these rooms so much?"

"You have taken my breath away," answered the other. "My day, when my poor taste decorated these walls, seems suddenly to belong to a remote period of history. Was it so very long ago then that I was young and lived here? I did not think that I was *old* yet," he continued with a wistful glance at Julian Fulke, that seemed to solicit his denial.

"You are probably younger than I am," cried Julian, looking at the fresh scholarly face before him with some interest. "Sometimes I feel as if I had lived always. But it is not only my art alone that has beautified this room; it is the product of centuries of artistic cultivation. My strongest feeling is that we ought, all of us, so to train our sense of what is lovely

that we can hand down to posterity at least some desire for the cult of what is beautiful and refining."

"Yes," said the stranger, and looked curiously at Julian Fulke. "Would you," he continued in a hesitating manner, "tell me your name? I should have heard of you, I feel sure, or doubtless will do so yet."

"My name is Julian Fulke, and I was only bestriding my hobby-horse when I launched out in praise of the beautiful; but I feel a firm conviction that, when once men understand what is really good, they will leave what is sordid and mean."

The stranger smiled. "Do you know," he asked naïvely, "it strikes me that most people never think of these things at all?"

"That is because they are ignorant and slothful and vicious. Once they know what is purely beautiful, all grosser passions will fall away. Men are like the beasts of the field, not by choice, but through ignorance. When they *see*, they will give their lives to the perfecting of some one really beautiful thing."

"It seems to me," said the stranger, "that so long as men *are* men, they will care more for humanity, which indeed is far from beautiful, than for anything lovely in itself. Sympathy is the golden chain which binds the universe. It is only lately," he continued ingenuously, "that I have had money and leisure to look for the lovely things in the world. I do not think I lack cultivation; but I confess that no picture nor statue that I have ever seen, nor strain of music that I have ever heard, has touched me so much as the sight of a poor peasant mother nursing her sick child."

"Do you mean to say," asked Julian Fulke, "that you could forget when you looked at her that she was coarse and dirty, and would probably poison the atmosphere for you?"

"I saw that she had tears in her eyes," said the older man simply, "and that touched me." He looked at Julian as he spoke to see if he were jesting.

Julian intercepted the look. "I mean this thoroughly," he said. "The woman would have been a blot in the world to me, a stumbling-block in the way of progress towards better things."

There was a little silence, which the stranger broke. "I have been remiss," he said, "in not telling you my name. It is Ambrosius Feverel, vicar of Stoke Mason." He fumbled in his pocket for a visiting-card but was obliged to abandon the search. "I am afraid you must excuse a card," he said apologetically; "I must have lost mine," as if losing objects were of frequent recurrence with him.

"Possibly," said Julian, "we may renew our acquaintance. My mother's house, the Fulke Dower House, is near Stoke Mason."

"That would give me great pleasure," said the other; then he added with almost childish enthusiasm, "Truly I am favoured of the gods! All comes to me before I have grown too old to enjoy,—plenty, a beautiful living, and new friends!"

"You ought to make libation to the gods," said Julian.

"I have had my share of suffering," said Feverel. "I am quite alone!"

"I foresee," answered Julian, "that we shall never agree in our estimate of the value of man to man; nevertheless I trust our friendship and further acquaintance may ripen to a pleasure-giving maturity together."

"That is so good of you," returned the other with the humility of modesty. "I shall be able to watch the development of your fine talents, your promising and beautiful youth."

"My youth is nought," said Julian Fulke; "for indeed I have never been young, and youth at best is but a time of green seeds, of unfulfilled desires (thank Heaven that they are often unfulfilled), of purposeless, changeful energies. Give me middle age, the calm critical beauty of maturity; and I will give you youth. Youth is but ignorance under another name!"

## II.

"Pomes, Julian?" asked Lady Fulke with an interrogative arch of the finely preserved (or painted) eyebrows as Julian presented his vellum-covered volume. "Pomes, is it?"

Lady Fulke allowed herself a little relapse into Hibernianism when alone with Julian, who, on his part, never showed to greater advantage than in company with his mother, whom he admired immensely; indeed, he came nearer to being "real" with her than with any other human being in the world. He admired her for her fine breeding, her sparkling wit, more than for her generous nature and good heart. She was Irish to the backbone, a true gentlewoman.

"Yes, poems, mother," answered Julian, looking with pleasure at the dainty old lady, with her artistically coloured cheeks, stiff satin gown, the priceless laces which hid her shrivelled throat and fell over the fingers of her ringed hands.

"Not emotional nor erotic, I hope. That sort of thing is detrimental to a man's middle age. I am proud of you, Julian; but what of your future? You cannot write poems as a profession!"

The apostle of the new cult smiled. "My plans are vague as yet, but first I go abroad to study the effect of the Renaissance in Italy and France. I have a fancy then to go to America. A young, vigorous, undeveloped country—much could be done in America. England is anemic."

"To America!" said Lady Fulke, with a little expression of disgust. Italy and France were, of course, quite in the order of things, but America! "You ought to marry," she said, giving an old-fashioned recipe for the vagaries of young men.

"To marry?" he asked. "What would marriage do for me, mother? I am stronger than any woman could be; I should impose my personality upon her, not she hers upon mine. I

confess I do not think she could be happy."

The Dowager smiled. "Women are stronger than you think, Julian. Do you know that there is a girl staying with me now who would assuredly please you?—but do not fall in love with her, I beg of you."

"Who is she?" asked Julian, more to humour his mother than from any curiosity to know.

"Lady Juliet Arde," answered Lady Fulke; and Julian understood, without any further explanation, that Lady Juliet must be possessed of those sterling qualities of rank and riches with which every good mother loves to endow her son.

"You mean you wish me to fall in love with this lady when you tell me not to do so?" he asked, smiling.

The flash in her eyes made the Dowager look very charming. "Things generally go by contraries," she murmured demurely.

Lady Juliet Arde walked the terrace path trailing her long silken gown behind her. Her love for sumptuous textile fabrics was one which Julian shared, and they were well suited to the languid, slow movements she affected. The rustle of her draperies both pleased her and provoked Julian to look up from the book he was reading. Probably she was aware of his gaze, although she gave no outward sign of feeling his eyes upon her, but continued her stately walk unmoved. Julian laid down his book with a strong sense of irritation. Against his will he was fascinated by this girl. Vainly he told himself that her full-orbed blue eyes, with their heavy drooping lids, were but animal beauties; that her smooth white skin was but the result of centuries of care bestowed upon the person; that the smile which put life into the statuesque face was cruel. He was bound to confess, after this rather disparaging catalogue of Lady Juliet's charms, that he could not reason himself free from the spell she had thrown upon him, that her

beauty appealed to the eye he had sedulously trained to discover beauty, and that the tones of her voice, even the very rustle of her gown, gratified an ear attuned to let no harmonious sound pass it by. She was a coquette, he could see, although her coquetties were such as suited an earl's daughter, the very refinement of coquetry. She had no mind, he decided at once; and yet the concentration of thought which she put into her powers of evoking admiration made her dangerous in the extreme.

Julian watched the girl as long as he could, and then he rose and joined her. She must have heard his footstep, although she made no sign, nor stayed in her walk. Her indifference piqued him, as probably she had intended it should. "Come and look at the view from here," he said indifferently as he joined her. She came willingly enough and stood leaning her white arms against the stained marble of the balustrade; perhaps she was a little weary of her lonely paces.

Julian looked at the girl as her soulless eyes took in the beauty of the scene. It was fair enough to stir emotion in the most placid breast, being at just that indescribably lovely time when the young evening is about to steal down gently to dispossess the departing day—when light and darkness mingling with each other cast the softest greys over all earthborn things. The drooping flowers were reviving, and the linden trees were exhaling sweet odours, while the broken lines of the beautiful Devonshire hills faded harmoniously into the fading sky. Lady Juliet's face, too, appeared softer, more gentle seen through the quivering, many-tinted air; and yet she gave no sign of pleasure at what she saw. Strangely enough her immobility pleased Fulke instead of angering him. She was splendidly callous to her surroundings; she did not condescend to open her lips, but stood still in her calm, statuesque beauty, suggesting by her very silence that she was more worthy to be gazed



at than any view could be; and Julian's eyes lingered lovingly over every detail of her face and figure, even on the beautiful trailing gown she wore. The silence between the two was not irksome to either of them. It might have lasted longer had not Julian's keen eye discerned a bright-leaved shrub growing against the sunny part of the terrace.

"Each flower that grows has a counterpart in a woman," he said at length. "I have discovered yours; it is a magnolia!"

"A magnolia?" she asked; then after a pause, "I think I understand."

"Do you?" he rejoined quickly.

"Do you understand the charm of a large cream-white flower with a subtle intoxicating perfume, the fascination of a thing that is simply beautiful? A magnolia is a soulless flower; some flowers have secrets hidden in their hearts, their strongest perfumes rise from their calyx; but a magnolia has only an outward calm beauty that reminds me of you."

Although his words were personal, his manner was not. Lady Juliet let her rounded lids fall over her eyes, and her mouth drooped. "I have read your poems," she said, as if this had been the first time she had ever connected him with poetry.

Julian laughed. "Now you know my enthusiasms," he said.

"No," she answered quietly; "now I know you have no enthusiasms."

He was silent, not having given her credit for so much penetration; but his eyes, wandering over the details of her beautiful face and figure, rested admiringly on the slender patrician hand that hung listlessly among the folds of her brocade. He noticed for the first time that the third finger of her left hand was adorned by a single ruby. Its colour was so deep, its lustre so great, that it looked almost like a newly shed drop of blood.

She saw the direction of his glance and lifted her hand. "This ruby," she said, "is historic. It once belonged to Marguerite of Valois."

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Fulke had always had a passion for beautiful things, and this ruby, with a history which he might almost divine, attracted him as much by its beauty as by its associations; so much so that he forgot the every-day significance of a gem like this on the finger of an unmarried woman's hand. "May I take it off?" he asked with the little excitement that beautiful things always inspired in him.

She shook her head ever so slightly. Violent movements destroyed the perfect lines of her head and figure. "No, it is unlucky," she said, with a strange smile; then she added prosaically, "We must go in; your mother has a dinner-party to-night; had you forgotten?"

He had done so and confessed to it, and together they walked to the house. Lady Juliet's silken skirts rustled, and the warm wind sighed, and the stars came out to break up the monotony of the deep blue vault. Julian told himself that he was in no danger of falling in love with the beautiful woman beside him, and yet it was a joy to walk with her, to see the perfect lines of her figure. At dinner he watched from afar the unchanging loveliness of her face. Grudgingly he was forced to admit that all she did was admirable; even her manner of eating, the curving of her lips round her glass when drinking, were charming. Perhaps she knew of his scrutiny, and exerted herself to fascinate; she did not feign to be interested in her neighbour's conversation. Lady Juliet was never interested; her duty in life was to be consummately beautiful and harmonious. She was as perfect an illustration of Julian's theory of the mission of beauty as could be desired, passionless with a refinement of loveliness that could put all coarser charms to shame. And yet she did not succeed in exciting in Julian just that emotion which a statue, or a picture, or a poem would have done. Was the human after all the greatest attraction for the human? There she sat, the incarnation of the

accumulation of centuries of culture. No artistic production, perfected by means of the successive toil of generations, could be as illustrative of the fact as the Lady Juliet herself. She was the living impersonation of the noble qualities that had founded and sustained a great family; and instead of causing Fulke to feel with joy that here was an exquisite example of the doctrine he was to preach to a world as yet incapable of judging the true mission of the beautiful, she made him grind his teeth and curse himself, that he was man and she woman! When he realised the influence Lady Juliet might (as yet he only admitted the possibility) obtain over him, Julian Fulke felt inestimably lowered in his own eyes. The apostle of the cult of the beautiful felt that it was a degradation to allow the material beauty of a woman to enslave him. He was glad when she left the table, and glad when he could no longer watch the almost mechanical passage of a perfect hand to a perfect mouth; glad too when the lurid gleams of the baleful ruby no longer dazzled his eyes and fired his fancy. As soon as he was able, he crept out and betook himself to the moonlit terrace.

The mysterious beauty of the night, with the sense it gives of myriads of freshened forces at work, the delicate odour of the limes, the silvery rustle of the aspens,—all this warmed the young man's blood, which was perhaps wont to crawl a little too philosophically in his veins. He told himself, however, that he was holding his passions well in check, that his attitude was rather critical than absorbed, when he heard the near rustle of silken garments. At the same time there issued from the open window the sound of women's light laughter and the broken sweetness of Lady Fulke's voice singing a fine, pathetic Irish ballad. The voice was characteristic of the woman, delicate old wine whose strength is gone but whose bouquet remains. "I spun beside my cottage door," sang

the Dowager, and so great was her earnestness, that the incongruity of these words coming from her lips was forgotten. Julian listened, and was awakened to the knowledge of how dramatically artistic most women are.

He was soon to be absorbed however by the dramatic art of another woman. By the rustle of her gown Julian had become aware of Lady Juliet's approach. For one moment he forced himself not to look at her, but only for a moment. Lady Juliet soon drew his eyes to the calm majesty of her wonderful face. "Why have you come out, Lady Juliet?" he asked, but his voice was hoarse.

"It was hot in there," she said languidly.

"It is hot out here," he said with mirthless, inane laughter.

Lady Juliet turned, with what was an abrupt movement for her, and looked at him with knitted brows. She laughed a little bitter-sweet laugh that had a sound as of a silver file cutting. "You feel the heat, who are so strong that you feel nothing?" she said.

He knew that she was mocking him then, that she had come hither from some wanton desire to inflict pain which seizes some women now and again; but the glamour of her beauty was upon him. He who should have been priest, was sacrifice; he, the upholder of a cult, was slain by it.

"I am going away next week," she said re-assuringly as one who soothes a child.

"Where are you going?" he asked anxiously.

She lifted up her hand so that the moon's rays struck a livid glow out of the ruby. Silently she gazed at it for a few moments, a little smile, half disdainful, half sweet, curled round her lips. From the house there came the sound of a nocturne of Chopin's, morbid, sensuous tones, throwing you, as it were, into an ecstasy of love with sweet melancholy, sapping the vigour of music with its weary, enervating

strains. Julian hated Chopin ever after. "I am going," she said in her calm measured voice, "to Holmwood. The Duke wishes it; there are some alterations to be made in the place before our marriage. It has not been much talked of, I believe; the Duke is a little older than I."

She had the grace to look away from him, so that when he turned towards her, he could see nothing of her face. Fulke drew a long breath. How intensely, humanly real he felt for the moment! It seemed to him that he had only just begun to live. A pain throbbed through him, sharper, more vivid than any joy he had ever felt; for all his joys had been of his own creating, lying as it were within the nature of the man, and this pain came from without. "You will be an ideal duchess," he said, speaking as quietly as she had spoken.

She bent her head in acknowledgment of his praise, but said nothing. Fulke thought that she still smiled that slow smile of hers. It is a great position that you will fill," he continued, trying to talk away the sickening sense of humiliating defeat and the pain that benumbed him. "You will be one of the leaders of the world; the Duke may well be proud of you."

"Why?" she asked quickly turning her full blue eyes upon him. He had no answer ready. He had only spoken at random, eager to show her that she had not in reality hurt him. He gave her back her look with eyes that burned but said nothing. "Because I am beautiful?" she asked with a sudden passion that Fulke would not have believed her capable of feeling. "Will you men never learn that beauty alone means nothing?"

Julian looked at her in silent amazement. The little flame of passion died down as suddenly as it had leapt into life. "Let us join the others," she said in her calm silvery voice, with the ice-cold smile again wreathing her lips.

"Willingly," he answered; and thus

ended Julian Fulke's first divagation from the paths of seeking beauty in the abstract.

### III.

It was nearly two years before Julian Fulke revisited Stoke Mason; but when he did return, he found that his little episode with Lady Juliet had left no impression whatever upon him.

He spent a very pleasant time with his mother at the Dower House, and his sojourn abroad had deepened the delights of a spring-tide in Devonshire to him. At the same time he renewed his acquaintance with the Reverend Ambrosius Feverel, who had never ceased to take an interest in his brilliant neighbour. The Vicar seemed more pleased with humanity and with his own lot in life than ever. Sometimes he was so boyishly happy, that Julian, who liked to look at things through a thin veil of black, found him a trifle wearisome; but that was on very rare occasions. The Vicar's latest enthusiasm was for a couple, brother and sister, living in the village; he was "coaching" the lad, who had been entirely brought up at home, for his matriculation. The two appeared to be possessed of some fortune, and lived quite alone, an old aunt, their sole relative, having died some six years previously.

The Vicar was so anxious to introduce Fulke to Joyce Callington that the younger man consented at last, unwillingly enough. Julian was much amused to find the Vicar, on the day appointed, dressed in his best broad-cloth and greatly excited, ready to conduct him to the house which the Callingtons inhabited. Fulke could not help feeling that it was an act of condescension on his part in thus acceding to the Vicar's wish to make him known to the sister of his wayward pupil. At the same time he was a little curious to discover what was the emotion that animated the Reverend Ambrosius; what it was that

made his manner more hesitating, his speech more dislocated than ever. But when Fulke finally found himself seated in a room of a low-roofed cottage, he wondered still more why it was that he of all men should have been introduced to such an environment. Not that the cottage was anything but pretty; only it and its surroundings were planned on such a diminutive scale. There was no suggestion of poverty; on the contrary, there were tokens of refinement; only it was the refinement of a past generation and of almost the middle class. The room was low, the windows small and latticed; but it looked out upon the most charming of old-fashioned gardens surrounded by a box hedge neatly trimmed. Flower-plots there were in plenty, where pale primroses and sad-toned auriculas were just beginning to make their way into a cold world. Julian noticed there were but few books, a piano just old-fashioned enough to be ugly, a few Indian jars of the sort that captains of East Indianmen used to bring home to their friends, but nothing else Oriental; of bright-coloured fabrics there were none. He looked about him disconsolately; the room chilled him. Except for the nosegay of sweet-scented violets on the table there was nothing to please his fastidious taste.

"Miss Joyce is in the garden," volunteered the hard-featured maid who had opened the door to them.

"Then we will go to her," said the Vicar with cheerful alacrity and rose to make good his words, turning to Fulke with his charming, benevolent smile. How simple he was, that old man; he seemed nothing but a happy, innocent boy! Julian envied him his simplicity and the reality of his pleasures. Evidently he felt no shame in having introduced his friend to such a humble abode; he seemed to find as much to admire in Joyce Callington's surroundings as in his, Julian Fulke's. However, when they got out into the open there was an

improvement; the sky was blue, a little breeze stirring, and the sun shining brilliantly with all the vigour of the young year. The two men walked through the garden and then through a gate which was placed in the centre of a high box hedge. The garden sloped downhill, and beyond the hedge lay the orchard.

In all his life Julian Fulke never forgot his first sight of Joyce Callington. The wind, which had only been a breeze in the hedged-in garden, tore down the hillside of the more exposed orchard. The low boughs of the apple and pear trees covered with greenish-grey lichens, made a fine net-work against the spring sky. The daffodils, growing profusely underneath the trees, were shivering with every gust of the lusty winds, trembling and bowing their heads to the inevitable, while their beautiful blue-green leaves gave little rustling sighs as the wind rushed by them. The orchard sloped down to a brook which was still swollen by the winter rains, and ran along swiftly as if to keep itself warm. On her knees by the brookside, gathering daffodils, was Joyce Callington, her hair blown about and a rich pink bloom in each cheek; no sapphire was ever deeper, purer, or clearer than her eyes. She wore a woollen gown of rough blue that was almost purple; it harmonised well with the chestnut tint of her hair and clung to her graceful figure. Julian, who was sensitive to textures, was obliged to confess that the lustreless, soft woollen became the girl well. It gave roundness to a figure that erred on the side of slinness, and the colour suggested to him the drapery of a pre-Raphaelite Madonna. Something, too, in the chiselling of the nostrils and the curve of the cheek reminded him of the old Italian school of painting; but the changing expression of the face rather nullified that impression. Julian ever after associated the girl with the freshness of spring-tide and the sweetness of the youth of the year.

She rose from her knees as soon as she became aware of the approach of the two men; there was no trace of shyness in her manner as she advanced to welcome her guests. Julian listened with eagerness for the first tones of her voice, and when it fell upon his ear, he recognised, with the little air of patronage he sometimes bestowed on his Creator's works, that it harmonised perfectly with her face and figure. Indeed, when he heard Joyce Callington's pure, clear tones, he could not but confess that this time the whole was very good indeed.

"I have brought a poet to see you," said the Vicar, tenderly looking at the sweet face that flushed under his introduction of Julian Fulke. "You know his poems, do you not, Joyce?"

"Why, yes," she answered smiling; "you yourself, Mr. Feverel, brought them to me."

"You should not have done so," cried Fulke hotly; for indeed, it was almost desecration to have shown his poems to this girl with the candid blue eyes and fresh young cheeks. They had suited Lady Juliet, and he remembered with something like disgust how perfectly beautiful she had been in the long dead past, when, with dropped lids, she had told him that she had read his poems. He almost heard the rustle of her brocade on the terrace-walk; but no, it was the sportive wind rushing among the daffodils in Joyce Callington's orchard.

"Why should I not read them?" asked Joyce in her fresh voice. "Is it because you think I do not understand them? It is quite true, I do not; but I can feel they are beautiful all the same."

"I should be loth to think that you did understand them," said Julian gravely, thinking suddenly that the Vicar, with his fifty years and more, was nearer to Joyce Callington than he himself at twenty-five.

"I liked reading them, nevertheless," said Joyce, and then she started and flushed; a clear voice was sending

her name, "Joyce, Joyce!" ringing through the fresh spring air. "Here!" she cried, so vigorously that Fulke almost shuddered, and presently the Vicar's wayward pupil came into sight. A beautiful youth certainly; handsomer far than his sister, with his golden curls and the youthful down upon his still rounded cheeks; as beautiful as Fulke himself would have wished to be in those remote days when the longing for beauty first stirred him.

"What, you, my truant?" asked the Vicar kindly to the embarrassed youth. Fulke noticed that Joyce looked up suddenly as if she had ignored the fact of her brother's delinquencies.

"The lanes are very lovely in their spring dress," said the Vicar absently, speaking in his dreamy way, but his random words hit some mark. Gerald Callington flushed all over his handsome boyish face.

"Will you come in and let me give you some tea?" asked Joyce almost shyly. The Vicar accepted for both with alacrity, and they all returned to the stiff little room in which Fulke felt stifled and ill at ease, where everything seemed to him commonplace and ugly, and hideousness was rampant. And then he looked at Joyce busying herself in a deft womanly fashion among her teacups. Her hands were light and soft, and looked like snowflakes. She blushed when she found Fulke's eyes fastened upon her, and for a little he forgot the sordidness of her surroundings in the candid purity of her gaze. "Do you read much?" he asked, thinking he might draw her into conversation.

"No," she answered, "except just a little Latin and Greek to help Gerald."

"That is well," he said warmly, for indeed she seemed too refined to him to waste her time over the trivial books that could only come in her way.

"Do you think so?" she asked wistfully; and then she added shyly

"I should like to know more about other things. Poetry is very well,—but—" and then she stopped, suddenly remembering that she was talking to a poet. "I beg your pardon," she said very confusedly.

"Is that lad going to college?" asked Fulke severely of the Vicar as the two left the cottage.

"I am preparing him for matriculation," answered the Vicar. "He is desperately idle, but he has abilities."

"He will go to the devil," said Fulke shortly.

The Vicar looked pained. "His sister has looked after him well; she is nearly five years older than he. The love and prayers of a good woman can do much, Fulke!"

Julian looked at his companion curiously. "How young you are," he murmured; "and what a becoming thing your youth is to you. Miss Callington is young too for her years."

"Did she please you?" asked the Vicar tremulously.

Fulke smiled. "She is a new type to me—essentially feminine. I should say all art was an unknown thing to her. Metaphorically speaking, she is the sort of woman who would put on evening-dress and light all her candles before she sat down to read, what she would most

probably call, 'a poetry book.'" The Vicar looked hurt. "But she is very beautiful," added Fulke quickly, "in a wholesome womanly fashion; and she has some character too, I am sure."

The Vicar made no comment. "I should like to see her again," continued Fulke absently. "She would make a man better, more real, by the very strength of her innocence."

"You could do something for her brother," said the Vicar shyly, as if he were taking a great liberty.

"How?" asked Fulke.

"He needs good counsel. I fear he does not heed my advice much; but he would respect you, a man of reputation, of impressive personality."

Julian smiled; he had long known the Vicar's admiration of himself; indeed it was one of the bonds that knitted him to the modest divine; still he considered before he answered.

"No, FEVEREL," he said, "I *can't* do it. The very moderate interest in humanity, as it is at present, which I once had has now died out altogether. That beautiful youth will be all the better for getting in and out of his scrapes by himself. I can't play Mentor to him or to anybody."

The Vicar sighed and changed the conversation.

*(To be continued.)*



THE LIMBO OF PROGRESS.<sup>1</sup>

In dealing with public affairs it is always convenient to "take short views," and often wise. The precept is a comfort to statesmen, vestrymen, and other actual rulers of the world who are conscious of a limited imagination, because it rids them of whatever uneasiness they may feel when they do things of doubtful consequence in some more or less remote hereafter. Long views overload the conscience with responsibility, and for all who indulge in them there is the likelihood of being thrust aside as unfit for the practical conduct of affairs. Besides the to-morrow of every generation usually develops unexpected means of taking care of itself, and experience shows that the keenest anticipations of a distant future are generally falsified. Moreover, as we read in a book now before us, the distant future of a country is so unimportant by the side of its immediate needs to the men in possession of it that, even when they are reasonably certain that a particular evil ought to be guarded against at an immediate sacrifice, they rarely muster the moral force required for the effort. In making tremendous sacrifices for the sake of restoring their shattered military strength, the French provide against an imminent danger which would be less moving if it were less visible. To take a different case, it is commonly understood that England must be ruined by the exhaustion of her coal-fields, and exhausted they must be before long. But that time is not yet; and meanwhile, even were there absolutely no prospect, no hope of a substitute for coal, what genera-

tion would starve its hearth-fires and put out its factory-furnaces in order to cheapen fuel for the next? The question is well asked. In vain would statesmanship advance long views to stay consumption; and in vain would it attempt to proceed upon any but short views in matters far more manageable and of nearly equal moment.

There would be less to grieve at in this if modern statesmanship, while expressing its own distinct preference for short views in the conduct of affairs, could at the same time explain the long view on every occasion, and do so with fulness and fidelity. That, however, cannot be done. The effect would be to cast doubt on the sincerity of the speaker's professed convictions; and though statesmanship may have two or three different sets of opinions in as many years, it can never afford to seem undecided. Fortunately, therefore, every age is more or less assisted by a kind of political students called publicists. It is never a numerous body; statesmen are much more plentiful; from which it is clear that they are not to be confounded with party journalists. Well versed in political affairs, accustomed to survey them in all their relations and consequences, abundantly satisfied that the short view has exponents enough and ever will have, they invariably devote themselves to the long view. Thus they supply a want; though it is only on rare occasions that, catching the public on a wind of apprehension or disaster, their writings have a really telling effect; and in future their influence over the actual course of affairs is likely to dwindle to nothing, since those whom they touch have ceased to govern. But their labours are never thrown

<sup>1</sup> *National Life and Character*, a Forecast; by Charles H. Pearson, Hon. LL.D. of St. Andrews, late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, and sometime Minister of Education in Victoria. London, 1893.

away. And though it is unfortunately true that the speculations, expositions, and warnings of the publicist have less influence on current affairs than the certainty of death on the conduct of life, they are always interesting, always serviceable in nourishing ideals of statesmanship, and, whatever the drift of opinion in them, always a store of suggestion and enlightenment for "the future historian."

Mr. Charles Pearson is a writer of this class, and his book, *National Life and Character*, is a very remarkable one. Imaginative as a romance, but with the imagination of insight, it is a "forecast" of the future, not only for England and the British Empire (with which, however, Mr. Pearson is of course mainly concerned), but incidentally for the whole human race. Two observations suggested the writing of the book, the purpose of which is to indicate in a general way "the direction towards which we are drifting in political and social life." The first of these observations was that America is rapidly filling up. As long ago as 1868 Mr. Pearson convinced himself during a visit to the United States that at no distant time the Americans would begin to feel themselves crowded, and that the States would speedily cease to offer any great inducement to immigration. His anticipations have been largely justified; for though the poorer nations of continental Europe still find inducement enough to emigrate to America, the inclination to receive them has strikingly diminished. Proof of that has come to hand since Mr. Pearson's book was written; and it is extremely likely that before the century closes no immigrant will be allowed to land in the United States who does not bring with him what very few countries can spare. The more wretched, the more incompetent and thriftless will have to remain in the old countries. America will receive no immigrants unguaranteed as skilled artisans, stout labourers, men of good character, and of the sort that carry savings in their

pockets. Turning next to South America, and seeing how little the white immigration prospers there, and then looking farther afield to where the European races have formed colonies from which the natives cannot be displaced, or where the Chinese follow and swarm upon the pioneers, Mr. Pearson was led to this conclusion: "The lower races are increasing upon the higher, and will some day confine them to a portion of the Temperate Zone."

Were this conclusion a more pleasing one than it is we should have heard of it before; but since it is most unpleasant, it has lain formless in many a mind which could but admit the facts in favour of it. The American continent has room for an enormous population of the higher races, and they may be expected to flourish in vast industrial communities of which many have yet to come into existence. The climate is suitable, though for that matter large portions of it, even within the Temperate Zone, are found to be "exhausting" in the long run; and we have yet to see the consequences of more crowded city life, with diminishing importations of vitality from the peasant provinces of northern Europe. That, however, may be no great drawback; and though a fast increasing negro population is taking hold of the southern States, there is no native race to reckon with in America. In southern Australia, where the climate is all that could be wished, and where also the native races have "died out" before the approach of the white man, there are magnificent opportunities for the continuance and development of the higher races. But everywhere else the prospect changes. It is indeed held to be fair in Central Asia for the Russians, in south Africa for the English and the Dutch, in the north-west of Africa for French and Spanish colonists; and Borneo, the regions of the Congo, the African lakes, Matabele and Mashonaland, are talked of as affording good scope for European colonisation. But in all or

most of these cases the advantages that have filled northern America and some important parts of Australasia disappear. There is, firstly, a vast difference of climate; and secondly, the neighbourhood of great populations to whom the climate is congenial, who are too hardy to die out before the approach of the white man, and who are daily taking lessons in the arts of advancement and the means of getting rid of intruders. That native races must needs succumb to Europeans wherever they neighbour each other is too wide and general a belief. Much depends on the quality of the native race, its numbers, its teachability in the arts of war or peace (or both), and the measure of advantage which climate affords over European colonists. When these things are considered, it seems in the highest degree probable that the Chinese, who have too obviously a great part to play in the future, and perhaps in no very distant future, will limit Russian expansion in Central Asia, and do much more than that. They are spreading at an enormous rate over the Malay countries, and most where they are under the protection of European settlements which they are destined to supplant. "Nothing," says Mr. Pearson, "but the most vigilant opposition of the Australian democracies has kept the Chinese from becoming a power in that remote continent. At one time within the last forty years the Chinamen actually in Victoria numbered 13 per cent. of the adult male population," and they may be expected to multiply in the north. They have got a footing in South America, are spreading in the Pacific Islands, and find their way pretty freely to our African colonies. We shall probably see them in Burmah, for commercial as well as political reasons. Indeed, wherever European authority affords *interim* protection (Borneo, for example) in fields of labour uncongenial to white men, there will they enter in, and in many cases take possession.

But at the moment Africa concerns

us more. Here Mr. Pearson has a great deal to say that is very much to the point: the upshot of which is that the native races are not of the exterminable order; and that fast as the European population may grow at the Cape, in Natal, and elsewhere, the natives pour in at a still greater rate, and will continue to do so. "Nearly fifty years after its first settlement Natal has only 36,000 Europeans out of 481,000 settlers; the remainder being chiefly Zulus, though partly Hindoos and Chinamen. The lower races have nearly doubled in proportion since 1863, when one-seventh of the population was European." So says Mr. Pearson; and then follows an extremely significant and suggestive passage.

The reasons of this are not far to seek. British rule means order and peace, industry and trade, and the enjoyment of property under fairly equal laws. To the African native the establishment of a colony like Natal is like throwing open the gates of Paradise. He streams in, offering his cheap though not very regular labour, and supplying all his own wants at the very smallest expenditure of toil. Where he multiplies, however, the British race begins to consider labour of all but the highest kinds dishonourable; and from the moment that a white population will not work in the fields, on the roads, in the mines, in the factories, its doom is practically sealed. It is limited to supplying employees, merchants, contractors, shopmen and foremen to the community. Sooner or later the black race will be educated to a point at which it will demand and receive a share in those employments and in the government. Whenever that happens the white race will either be absorbed or disappear. The mass will gradually depart; but a few who have lost the sense of superiority will remain, intermarry, and be perpetuated in the persons of a few hundred, or it may be a few thousand, mulattoes and quadroons.

According to Mr. Pearson's belief, this must be the fate of Natal; and "the fate of Natal is bound to be the fate of those parts of the African continent which lie north of Natal and south of the desert of Sahara." In the end and at the best the colonists of such a country "would soon be

divided into a wealthy ruling caste, planters or miners, and mean whites, while the blacks, servile or semi-servile, would increase year by year; but its chance of perpetuity would be far smaller in Africa, surrounded by dense masses of an unfriendly population, than it was in Louisiana."

"Dense masses of an unfriendly population." This is a point which Mr. Pearson touches upon very lightly indeed, though it is much to his purpose. To the superstition that, wherever the higher and more civilised races encounter the lower, the lower must succumb, is added another; namely, that an unavoidable perception of the blessings of British rule, gratitude for their enjoyment, and fear of losing them are quite enough to insure the loyalty of the populations where our government is well established. The truth is that no race is contented with the domination, the visible domination, of another; nor do the peace, justice, and prosperity which the one race may bring with it ever reconcile the other to its governance as a people and a caste apart. If the occupied country is sparsely peopled by a spiritless race, incapable of elevation, slow in acquiring the arts that make its conquerors strong, all will go well enough. But when we speak of such colonies as Natal, we must remember not only that they are "surrounded by dense masses of an unfriendly population," but that some of the multitudinous black peoples are eminently teachable fighting-men, capable of ambition and a much higher national existence than they have yet attained to. The Zulus, with whom we are so much in contact, certainly seem to be a race of this kind, and they are not the only Africans who have been found with courage and character. Of course they are unfriendly; of course they dislike the intrusion and domination of Europeans; they swarm, and the Europeans in whose peace they multiply make it their business to teach them how to become traders, miners, and husbandmen, while at the

same time they take lessons in soldiering and the use of the white man's weapons. In short, when we set out to civilize races so capable of rising from barbarism as the Zulus, for example, we mean (if we know what we are about) to make a duty of providing for our own extrusion from the Natal and Cape Colonies of the British empire; and what we also mean is to do so with the utmost expedition. And so it is in every place where there are swarming populations, capable and teachable. Their hostility is a matter of course; and nothing can be weaker or more foolish than assumptions to the contrary where there are distinct differences of race, of creed, of domestic habit and tradition.

Not that this is an alterable state of things, at any rate for us. Russian domination is at liberty to take a somewhat different line, and to persist in it for generations to come; but ours is definitely chosen, and we cannot depart from it even if we would. As Mr. Pearson says: "We are bound, wherever we go, to establish peace and order; to make roads and open up rivers for commerce, to familiarise other nations with a self-government which will one day make them independent of ourselves. We cannot even allow them to remain weak by destroying one another." No, nor can we allow them to perish in millions, as of old they did, by periodical famines; nor withhold from them the instruction that teaches them their strength and adds to it; nor abstain from an interference with habits and customs which weighs heavily against the benefits we impart; nor hesitate to foster industries that should leave all the less trade for ourselves at home, both now and in time to come.

The drift of Mr. Pearson's argument so far (it is extremely full, carefully elaborated, and abounding with illustration) may be sufficiently understood from the preceding paragraphs. Many details are omitted here, details bearing on the general law that the lower race increases faster than the higher;

but the gist of the argument is that certain races, which we regard as naturally inferior to Europeans, are likely to increase very largely in comparison with the races which at present constitute what claims to be the civilised world; that we ourselves are the blind instruments of fate for multiplying those races; that while they increase in numbers they are taking lessons in science, in trade, in war; and that, as one great consequence of all this, the European peoples will find themselves ousted from colonial enterprise in Africa and Asia, and gradually narrowed to a poor existence within their original confines. It is remarkable, however, that Mr. Pearson does not expect that war will have any considerable part in the change. Seeing what the promised future is, it does not seem likely to come about without rebellion and resistance of a desperate kind half the world over; but Mr. Pearson looks for a much milder course of events. Believing, I know not why, that "every year seems to increase the pre-eminence of industrial over essentially martial nations" (as if any industrial nation could exist long unless it were also essentially martial), Mr. Pearson anticipates a gradual thrusting back of the European peoples by an expansion of native energy and self-assertion where climate and where population favour pressure. To be sure, when he speaks of China and its future, his evident bias to Manchester principles fails to carry him away from misgiving on that score. He cannot exclude the possibility (which the greatest publicist of the time, Sir Henry Maine, regarded as a strong probability) that the Chinese will some day pour over the confines of their empire as conquerors and devastators. It may be a comparatively distant day, a hundred years hence, perhaps; but then the Chinese are accustomed to reckon by hundreds of years where we reckon by tens, mapping out their projects and policies on a similar difference of scale. Already, however, their resolute ex-

clusiveness, their immovable determination to shut out the enlightened foreigner, with his nineteenth-century inventions and his fructiferous capital, have ceased to be a subject of derision in Europe. No competent politician doubts now that, from the Chinese point of view, this obstinate exclusiveness was wise, far-seeing, and patriotic in the highest degree. A China overrun in the middle of the century by European syndicates and concessionaires would have been a disintegrated China by the end of it, with endless trouble in the way of massacre and reprisal before the country could regain possession of itself; as it certainly would have done in the long run, seeing what the people are. Taking long views, and acting on them with invincible obstinacy, Chinese statesmanship preserved the empire from those enormous disturbances, without denying the advantages of Western civilisation to the people for ever. There was delay, as there still is, but not denial or any intention of denial; and we have only to compare the position of China now with what it was forty years ago to see how thoroughly successful its forbidding policy has been. Europe has gained no footing in China, but China has gained a strong footing in Europe. That both rulers and people are looking forward to the time when the business premises of Hong Kong and Shanghai will be all in native hands is pretty obvious already. More Chinese exclusion rather than less may be expected; and meanwhile the rulers of the country are no longer in fear of the "combined representations" and the joint operations, which were her dread forty years ago. Her own statesmanship, favoured by the apprehensions and animosities of which the Triple Alliance is a standing illustration, has altered all that. No European Government dreams now of conquering China, foolish as her warriors and their painted shields may seem. On the other hand, China (with its embassies here, there, and everywhere) has been practically admitted

by the European Powers (with their ambitions, their jealousies, and their competition for good understandings) into the political system. Arrived at that standpoint, it will be safe to make a more rapid advance in self-assertion, while it becomes more desirable to hasten acquaintance with the newer arts and equipments of war.

That Mr. Pearson is sensible of these portents is shown in a dozen places; as when he says, "It seems certain that sooner or later, China must become a formidable military power." "Assume that fifty years hence China has taken its inevitable position as one of the great Powers of the world—" "No one can doubt that if China were to get for a sovereign a man with the vigorous and aggressive genius of Peter the Great or Frederick the Second, it would be a very formidable neighbour to either British India or Russia. Neither is it easy to suppose that the improvements now being tentatively introduced into China will not soon be taken up or pushed on a large scale, so that railways will be carried into the heart of Asia, and large armies [of singularly fearless and pitiless men] drilled and furnished with arms of precision on the European model." But, "They do not need even the accident of a man of genius to develop their magnificent future. Ordinary statesmanship, adopting the improvements of Europe without offending the prejudices of the people, may make them a state which no Power in Europe will dare to disregard." Or, "The accident of a leader of genius arising to combine the Mohammedans in a common organisation might conceivably transfer sovereignty to a follower of Islam. In that case it is difficult to suppose that China would not become an aggressive military power, sending out her armies in millions to cross the Himalayas and traverse the steppes, or occupying the islands and the northern parts of Australia by pouring in immigrants protected by fleets. Luther's old name for the Turks, that they were 'the

people of the wrath of God,' may receive a new and terrible application." These passages (and others of a like tenor might be cited) completely shield Mr. Pearson from all suspicion of insensibility to a danger which is also a terror; but though he is well aware of that danger, he strongly inclines to the belief that the commercial development, the industrial competition of China is more to be feared than her military adventure. What impresses him most are the immense resources of China; the colonising enterprise of the people; their astonishing capacity for toil; their readiness in organisation; their versatility; and the thrift and self-denial which, with all these other qualities, enable them to starve out every race of whites with whom they come in competition. His fear, or rather his calculation is, that when, with the Hindoos and the African races, they have borrowed the science of Europe and brought out their own capabilities, the pressure upon the white man will be irresistible. "He will be driven from every neutral market and forced to confine himself within his own."

But whether with or without much bloodshed, Mr. Pearson's most reasonable conclusion is that at a time not very far distant, perhaps, "the European observer will look round to see the world girdled about with a continuous zone of the black and yellow races," independent or practically so, monopolising the trade of their own regions, and starving down European industry. "We were struggling among ourselves for supremacy in a world which we thought of as destined to belong to the Aryan races and the Christian faith; we shall wake to find ourselves elbowed and hustled, and perhaps even thrust aside, by people whom we looked down upon as servile, and thought of as bound always to minister to our needs." Thrown back within narrower limits, an increasing and more confined population of the higher races will have less to live upon,—in itself a calamity; but beyond



that, the fact and the consciousness of an impoverished and stationary condition must needs modify the character of the peoples for the worse. While the lower races are raising themselves to the material level of the higher, there is a danger that the higher may be assimilating to the moral and mental depression of the lower. It is not only that we shall be compelled to draw in as the swarming brown and yellow men press upon us as neighbours; experience proves that there is danger of absolute demoralisation from such contiguity.

Let us conceive the leading European nations to be stationary, while the Black and Yellow Belt, including China, Malaysia, India, Central Africa and Tropical America, is all teeming with life, developed by industrial enterprise, fairly well administered by native governments, and owning the better part of the carrying trade of the world. Can any one suppose that in such a condition of political society the habitual temper of mind in Europe would not be profoundly changed? Depression, hopelessness, a disregard of invention and improvement would replace the sanguine confidence of races that at present are always panting for new worlds to conquer. . . . The despondency of the English people, when their dream of conquest in France was dissipated, was attended with a complete decay of thought, with civil war, and with a standing still or perhaps a decline of population, and, to a less degree, of wealth. The discovery of the New World, the resurrection of old literature, the trumpet of the Reformation, scarcely quickened the national pulse with real life till the reign of Elizabeth. Then, however, there was a revival, because there were possibilities of golden conquest in America, speculative treasures in the re-animate learning of Greece, and a new faith that seemed to thrust aside the curtain drawn by priests, and to open heaven. It is conceivable that our later world may find itself deprived of all that it valued on earth, of the pageantry of subject provinces and the reality of commerce, while it has neither a disinterested literature to amuse it nor a vitalised religion to give it spiritual strength.

On reading this passage many of Mr. Pearson's readers will incline to suspect him of a too resolute pessim-

ism; and it must be confessed that in his last chapter there is much to justify the suspicion. His account of the decay of genius is much too sombre. But when we ask ourselves whether the rising of the lower races (in response to our call and by help of our appliances) is improbable, the answer must be, No. And when we further ask whether the consequence of their advancement and invigoration must not be our own repulse and limitation, the reply is, Yes. Already the competition of the European peoples for trade-profits is bringing grief upon them, and, eager as it is, it has only just begun. The craving for "colonial expansion" (a new thing too for some of the European nations) is in fact a cry for trade wherewith to supply the needs of a higher life. For a time there will be more of this competition; more of this expansion; a continuous increase of population; and, therewith, more of the longing for a higher life. When upon all this the change comes which the competing enterprisers and civilisers will have hastened, it *must* be followed by a downfall of both pride and prosperity; and, calculated at its least, the decline will be so great that to exaggerate it is neither here nor there.

But, so far, we have followed Mr. Pearson only on the line of his first observation, which started from an old conviction that America was rapidly filling up. The second takes in the probable course of history for the white races when they do find themselves ousted from trade and dominion, and practically condemned to stagnate within their natural confines. Here Mr. Pearson believes himself assisted by the history of the English colonies in Australia and New Zealand. Though the settlers there carried with them the English theory of government (limitation of State interference, freedom to every man to do his own lawful business as he pleases, and so forth) yet "they have ended by a system of State centralisation that rivals whatever is attempted in

the most democratic countries of the continent." Planted in Australia, the Englishman "is rapidly creating there a State Socialism which succeeds because it is all-embracing and able to compel obedience; and which surpasses its continental State models because it has been developed by the community for their own needs, and not by state departments for administrative purposes." That a politician who prefers long views should assume the success of State Socialism where the State itself is little more than fifty years old was not to be expected; but Mr. Pearson can point to much that is going on in England already when he speculates on the likelihood that "England, confronted with the task of providing for its yearly surplus of population" (with trade falling off) will resort to socialism too. Not that England alone will do so; the continental nations, similarly cribbed, cabined and confined, will be compelled to take the same course. Here Mr. Pearson becomes extremely discursive; indeed, his divagations, interesting and suggestive as they ever are, deprive his meaning of precision. Looking to the present condition of the western world, and considering the needs, dreams, aspirations and power of its "awakened" populations, it is an unavoidable conclusion that the check and the impoverishment which Mr. Pearson foretells would be accompanied (not followed) by a general uprising of socialism. It moves already; and long before the privation he foresees revealed its worse aspects, disappointment and discontent would move very sharply indeed, and that over the whole European continent. But just as Mr. Pearson is unwilling to imagine the advance of the lower races attended by war, so he puts out of sight the possibility that Social Revolution will not come up as a flower. But what he does expect is that it will be a very complete revolution. Armies will be maintained in every land as now, and in England by unexceptional conscription; but in all other respects

the socialist ideal will be nearly if not quite fulfilled. First taking over the greater industrial enterprises, such as railways, then becoming sole owner of the land, then providing every man with work, on such conditions that no family shall be without a five-roomed house to live in, with provision for old age, the State will at length do everything and be everything, even to the supersession of the family.

The drawbacks on such a state of things are considerable, and these Mr. Pearson faithfully points out. Beginning with a grave decline in trade-profits, and continuing amidst an increasing population, such a *régime* would be hard put to it financially. Five-roomed houses for every family, and a minimum wage of thirty shillings a week for working men, are not provided for nothing. But every citizen being compelled to do some service for the State, and "wealthy men being forced by public opinion to give money for national endowments as freely as they did in the Middle Ages," these and similar expedients will reduce the expenses of State Socialism. But considering the natural enterprise of that system, the State is extremely likely to get further and further into debt. This is on the assumption that in such a condition of society as is presupposed money can be borrowed. If so, repudiation will probably ensue; when down will go the whole tone of national character, together with the whole body of fundholders. However, the State will provide for the fundholders comfortably enough, though it can never quite make up for the decay of character which must follow upon the conscious decline from national greatness, and from absorption into State tutelage. For that must needs go so far that family life, as we understand it, will be practically dissolved. Already the marriage-yoke is less endurable than it used to be, and recent legislation, both in England and America, "give men and women immensely increased freedom of action." This liberty is

sure to be enlarged when society is recast. As thus, "Only a man of exceptional energy can change his profession or trade once entered upon in an old society; but in a *new* society a man goes on experimenting till he finds the career in which he works best." Under socialism "something like this will be the condition of the newly-married couple who feel that they are not absolutely committed by one unfortunate mistake." In like manner, as children are more closely cared for by the State, as parents lose their administrative and proprietary rights over children, *that* bond will be loosened, and loosened on both sides.

The enormous disadvantages and degradations of reforms like these are set forth by Mr. Pearson with a sweeping range of comprehension, and with unsparing eloquence. But here at least he is no pessimist; for while he thinks that "individualism" (it might as well be called self-indulgence) "is bound to gain" by more liberty in the article of marriage; and while he considers that turning children over to the State will "increase the parents' freedom, relieve the mother from the incessant watchfulness which a household now entails, and set the father free to work less or to choose more congenial work," he repeatedly insists that the general outcome of the socialistic *régime* will be a beautiful and profound "religion of the State." This religion will either obliterate or comprise all other religions. The beneficence of the State, its all-embracing care, will concentrate upon it the reverence, the love, the devotion which has hitherto been divided between family and fatherland and the Church. Of all Mr. Pearson's forecasts this appears to me the most romantic; and when I say romantic, I mean incredible. Nor does it seem likely that he would have much confidence in it himself had he kept firmly before his mind what the State is, especially in democracies. His use of the word always conjures up the idea of a power apart; from the nature of things an

independent power; a power irredeemably gifted with supreme authority and infused with a wisdom and goodness beyond question. When was there such a State? Mr. Pearson may say, of course, that though there is no such thing in politics now, there will be when State Socialism is established. It would be safer to believe, however, that "the State" of the new time will be only another "Government of the day," with greatly increased opportunities of abuse and no guarantee against rebellion and overthrow. Behind the State there will be a system of government, no doubt; but a system of government no more sacred, no more worthy of worship, than the rules of a Mutual Benefit Association.

It would wrong Mr. Pearson, however, to suggest that he sets much store by a religion of the State. He wavers indeed over the whole of this part of his subject, but when he sums it up this is what he says:

We seem to find that we are slowly but demonstrably approaching what we may regard as the age of reason or of a sublimated humanity; and that this will give us a great deal that we are expecting from it—well-ordered policies, security to labour, education, freedom from gross superstitions, improved health and longer life, the destruction of privilege in society and of caprice in family life, better guarantees for the peace of the world, and enhanced regard for life and property when war unfortunately breaks out. [Here again there seems to be an implication of belief that the lower races are to get the better of the higher without fighting: which is strange.] It is possible to conceive the administration of the most advanced states so equitable and efficient that no one will desire seriously to disturb it. On the other hand, it seems reasonable to assume that religion will gradually pass into a recognition of ethical precepts and a graceful habit of morality; that the mind will occupy itself less and less with works of genius and more and more with trivial results and ephemeral discussions; that husband and wife, parents and children, will come to mean less to one another, and that romantic feeling will die out in consequence; that the old will increase upon the young; that two great incentives to effort, the desire to use power for noble ends and the desire to

become highly esteemed, will come to promise less to capable men as the field of human energy is crowded; and, generally, that the world will be left without deep convictions or enthusiasm, without the regenerating influence of the ardour for political reform and the fervour of pious faith which have quickened men for centuries past as nothing else has quickened them, with a passion purifying the soul.

But it would be unreasonable, Mr. Pearson thinks, "to murmur at changes that express the realisation by the world of its highest thought, whether the issue be good or bad." Besides, when the changed order of things "is once arrived at it will probably seem natural and satisfactory,"—as in fact the manners and customs of fallen Indian tribes seem to them. Nor can this decline be called inevitable; and we may ever trust, perhaps, to the sentiment expressed by Tennyson that "somehow good will be the final goal of ill." But, when all's said and all allowed, "It is now more than probable that our science, our civilisation, our great and real advance in the practice of government, are only bringing us nearer to the day when the lower races will have their predominance in the world, when the higher races will lose their noblest elements, and when we shall ask nothing from the day but to live, nor from the future but that we may not deteriorate."

Thus ends a very remarkable book, the general drift of which may be gathered from this account of it, though I can have given no idea of its breadth of treatment, or the fulness

of reading and variety of thought that supply its pages. Much of its speculation is carried to a remote distance, and the farther it goes the less secure it is, of course; but it never loses continuity with the living day, and never ceases to keep the whole course and meaning of what we call Progress under the light of inquiry. And there is nothing remote about the earlier chapters of Mr. Pearson's book, those which deal with the certainty that we are anxiously and painfully "civilising" ourselves out of half the regions that we are so proud to call our own. From the nature of things this cannot possibly be left undone, but it may possibly run to avoidable extremes. In India it is done with so much vigour that while the people are being brought up to turn us out by every variety of educational process that beneficence can suggest or duty bestow, we do not abstain from a superfluity of civilising interference even when it excites nothing but hatred and disgust. The same excess of zeal is beginning to appear in Egypt, I am afraid. But surely it is enough to do appreciated good, to bestow welcome benefits, regardless of the outcome for ourselves; it is too much to add other blessings which are not regarded as such, and are repaid by a hate which must hasten the day when the whole divine wonder of our civilising influence will have to be withdrawn with the rest of our baggage.

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